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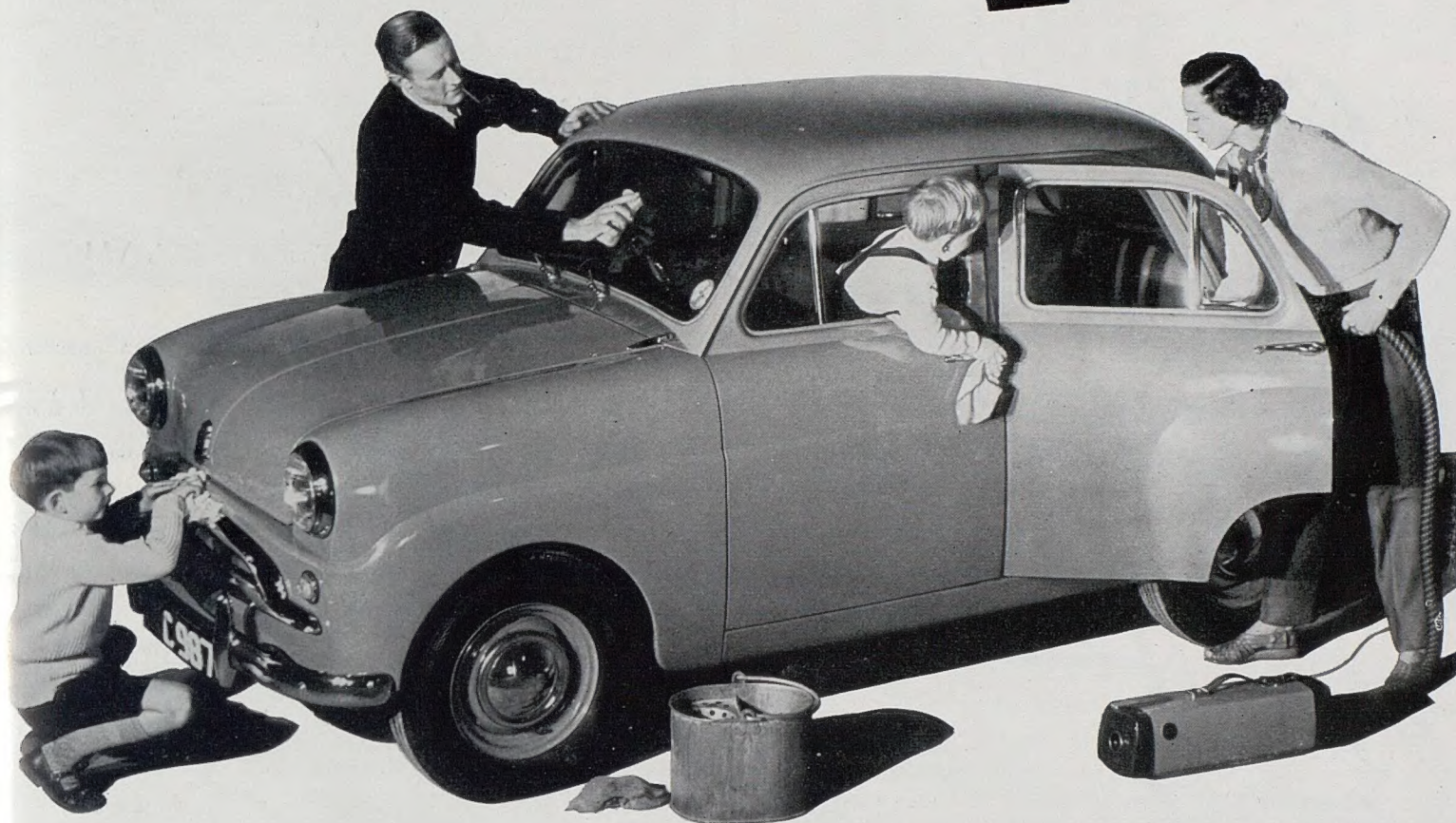
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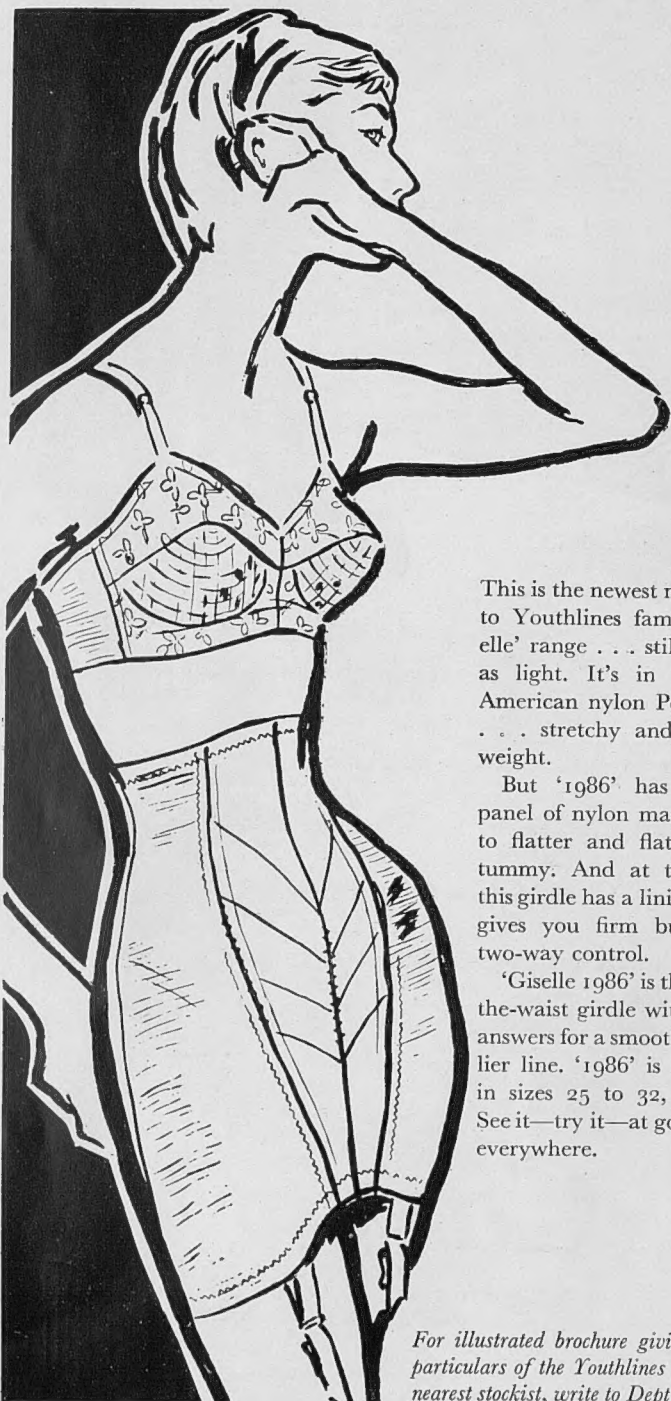
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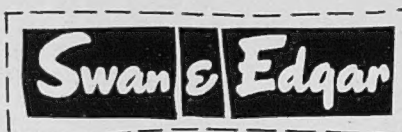
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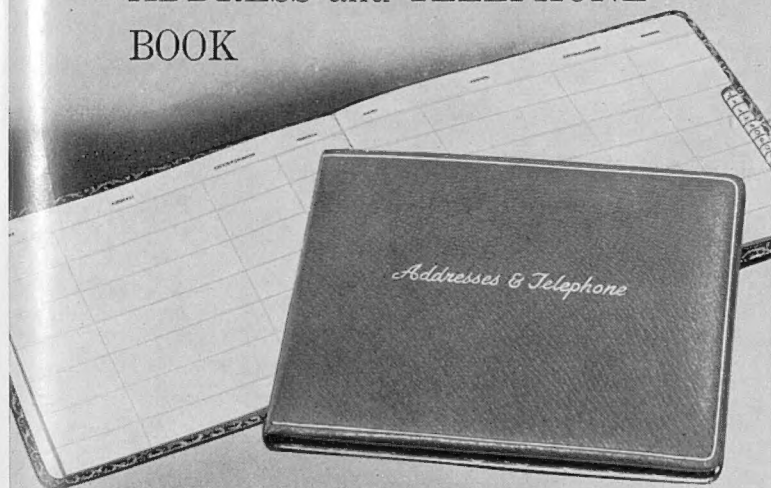
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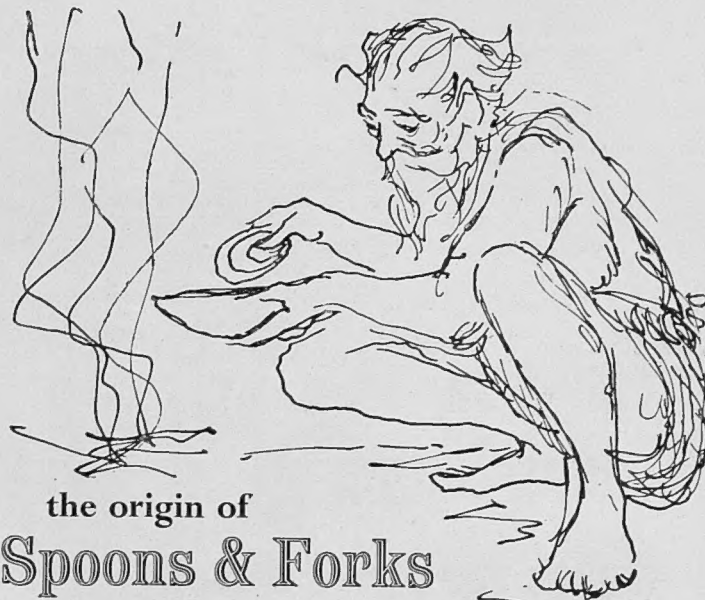
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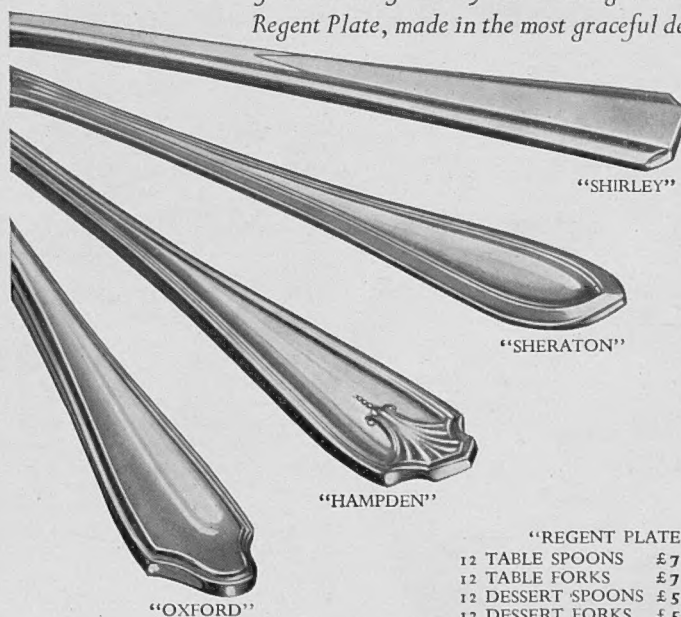
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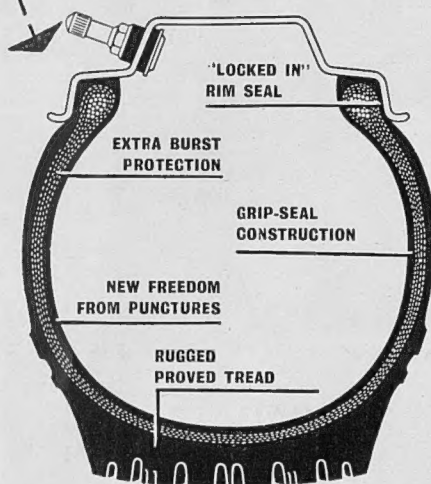
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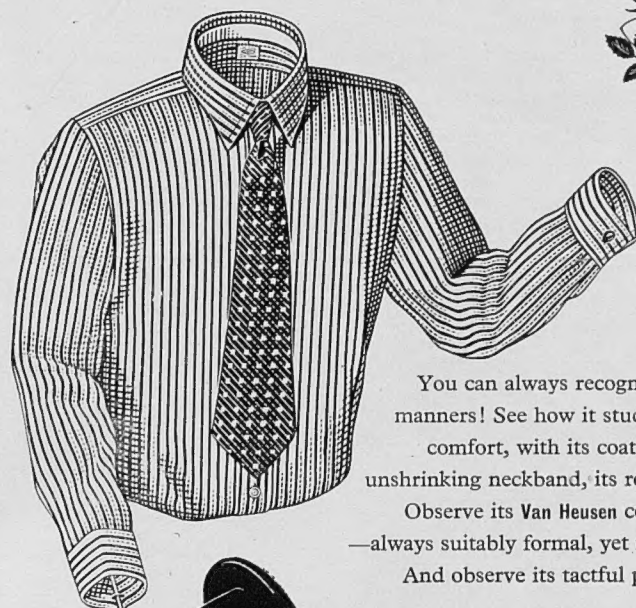
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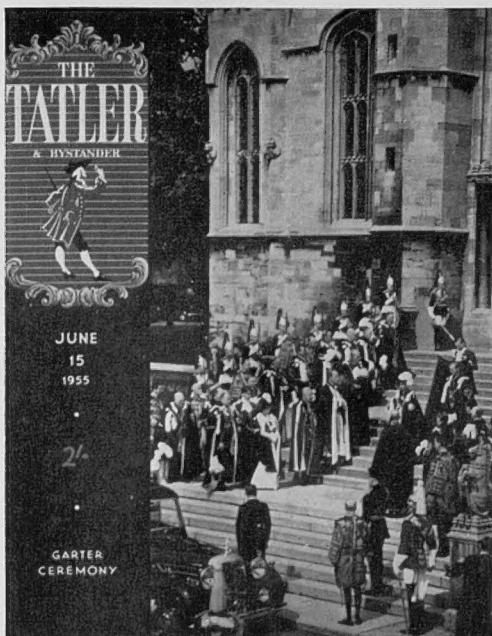
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 15 to June 22



THE GARTER CEREMONY—the Queen and Prince Philip leaving St. George's Chapel, Windsor, after the installation of new Knights—is the subject of our cover picture this week. A ceremony took place on Monday when Sir Anthony Eden and the Earl of Ives were installed. This ancient and premier Order of Chivalry was founded by Edward III in 1348. The Order consists of the Sovereign and twenty-five Knights Companion together with any legal descendants of King George I who may be elected. The picture includes H.M. the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Sir Winston Churchill and many other Knights of the Order outside the chapel

June 15 (Wed.) Cambridge May Week dance at Magdalene College.
Guards Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead.
Cricket: M.C.C. v. Oxford University at Lord's.
Surrey v. Cambridge University at the Oval.
Ascot week Polo tournament, Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, 5.30 p.m. until 18th.
Note: Owing to the rail strike, the cancellation of Ascot is under consideration at the time of going to press.

June 16 (Thur.) Mr. Arthur Gibb's dance for his granddaughter, Miss Julia House, at the Savoy Hotel.
First night of Orson Welles's production of *Moby Dick* at the Duke of York's Theatre for a four weeks' season.
Royal Ascot (Gold Cup Day).

June 17 (Fri.) Royal Ascot (Hardwicke Stakes).
The Hon. Mrs. Agnew's dance for her daughter, Miss Jennifer Agnew, at 43 Old Bond Street.
Mrs. James Whitmee's dance for her son and daughter, Mr. Anthony and Miss Gillian Whitmee, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
Hertford College, Oxford, Summer Ball.
Christ Church College, Oxford, Summer Ball.
Polo at Windsor Great Park, Oxford v. Cambridge.

June 18 (Sat.) The Duke of Edinburgh attends the Automobile Association's Golden Jubilee Parade in Regent's Park.
Princess Margaret starts marathon race of Polytechnic Harriers from Windsor Castle.
The International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain's dance for overseas players at the R.A.C. Club, Pall Mall.
The Cygnets Ball at Claridge's.
Mrs. Newton William-Powlett's dance for her daughter, Miss Sara William-Powlett, at Cadhay, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.
Oxford University comes down.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Somerset at Lord's. Sussex v. the South Africans at Hove.
Finals of Windsor and Smith's Lawn Cups in Ascot Polo Week.

June 19 (Sun.) Polo at Cowdray Park.

June 20 (Mon.) The All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon until July 2.
Trinity College and St. John's College, Oxford, Quatercentenary Commemoration Ball. University College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball.
Balliol College, Oxford, Summer Dance.
Mrs. Roger Peake's dance for her daughter, Miss Jane Peake, at Little Missenden, Bucks.
Mr. George Ansley's dance for his daughter Miss Penelope Ansley at the May Fair Hotel.
Concert at the Royal Festival Hall for Mixed and Girls Clubs.

June 21 (Tues.) The Duke of Edinburgh attends the annual four-day show of the Royal Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.
The Lord Mayor of London unveils the statue of Sir Winston Churchill, at Guildhall.
Mrs. Garnett and Mrs. Gerard Leigh's dance for Miss Sarah Garnett, at the Savoy.
Exeter, Wadham and Jesus College Commemoration Balls at Oxford.
First night of *Light Fantastic*, a new intimate revue at the Fortune Theatre.

June 22 (Wed.) The Queen launches the new Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of Britain at Govan on the Clyde and then, with the Duke of Edinburgh, embarks at Rosyth for Oslo in the Britannia. Their State Visit to Norway lasts from 24th to 26th.
Mrs. John Baskervyle-Glegg, Mrs. William Pilkington and Mrs. W. L. Abel-Smith's dance for their daughters Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg, Miss Verity-Ann Pilkington and Miss Emily Abel-Smith, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

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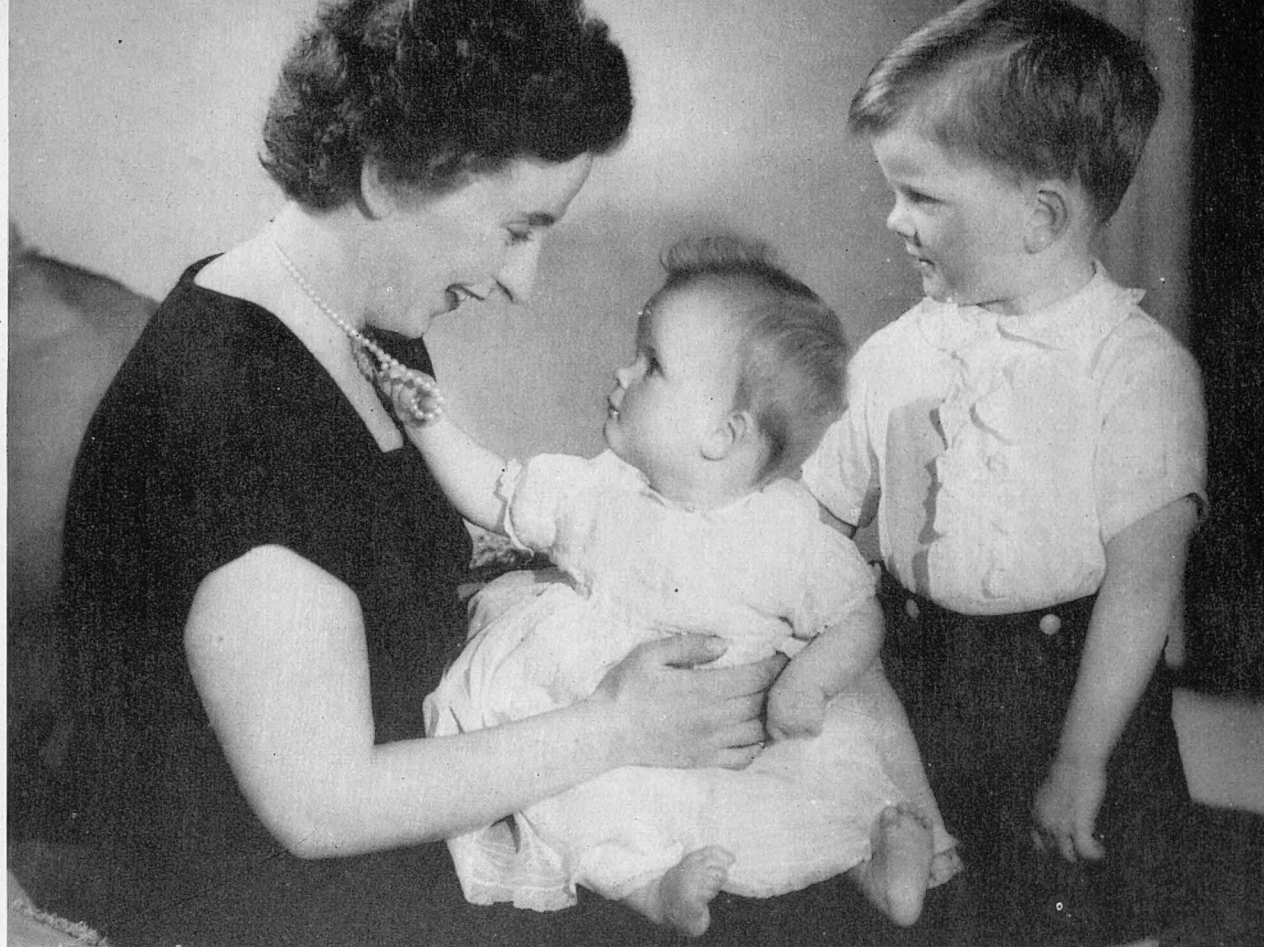
Cecil Beaton

Wife of the Prime Minister

LADY EDEN, one of the youngest women ever to be the wife of an English Prime Minister, comes from a family of whom many have been born to greatness—notably her uncle Sir Winston Churchill. She was formerly Miss Clarissa Churchill, daughter of the late Major Jack Churchill and his wife Lady Gwendeline Bertie and has inherited the Churchillian independence of mind and character. Earlier in her life she was more interested in literature and the arts but since her marriage has applied her considerable intelligence and culture to political matters with notable success

THE HON. MRS. EVELYN
HULBERT-POWELL

BEFORE her marriage in 1948 Mrs. Hulbert-Powell, seen here with her two younger children, Veronica and Charles, was the Hon. Philippa St. Aubyn, younger daughter of Lord St. Levan of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall. Her husband, Mr. Evelyn Charles Hulbert-Powell, is a barrister, at present working on research into public relations at Aims of Industry. Their country home is Wickham Place, near Witham in Essex



Eric Coop

Social Journal

Jennifer

ETON'S SUMMER FESTIVAL

AFTER a wet and showery morning the Fourth of June at Eton was favoured with bright sun and a fine evening for the traditional floodlit procession of boats and firework display on the banks of the river. There were the usual family picnic luncheon parties under the trees around Agar's Plough, while others went off to one of the hotels in Bray or Windsor, the Guards Boat Club at Maidenhead, or else Rowlands or the quaint and historic Cockpit in Eton. Many had lunch, tea or supper in their sons' rooms, or picnic supper on the river bank—this latter was rather a chilly plan!

There were more pretty girls present than is usual on the Fourth, the majority wearing very gay silk summer frocks as a compliment to escorts resplendent in top hats and morning coats, often with startling fancy brocade waistcoats and large buttonholes.

CRICKET matches were going on all day on Agar's Plough and Upper Club, but few except those directly concerned seemed to be taking them very seriously when I arrived. Most families were walking round the ground on Agar's, greeting their friends in the sunshine, while a regimental band in scarlet tunics played softly under the trees.

Here I saw Lady May Abel Smith with her Etonian son and her daughters, Viscountess Erleigh in brilliant blue escorted by Viscount Erleigh and the Hon. Simon Rufus Isaacs, Sir Peter and Lady Norton-Griffiths over from Brussels to spend the Fourth with their younger son Michael, Col. and Mrs. John

Ward, and Mr. Gerald Ward, who was talking to two of the prettiest of this season's débutantes, the Hon. Diana Ward and Miss Henrietta Crawley.

Lord and Lady Burghley were there with her son Mr. Anthony Forbes and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger with their two sons John and Anthony, who is in Mr. Hill's house, where he later had a party of friends to tea in his room including Mr. David Watney and his fiancée, Miss Anne Hopkinson, who are marrying in July.

I met, too, Mr. Cyril and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, as usual surrounded by friends—their three sons were all back at Eton for this Fourth.

ALSO there were Major Mark and the Hon. Mrs. Milbanke and their sons, the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Le Marchant just back from their honeymoon in Spain, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys and Vicomte d'Orthez, over from Sutton Place where they were spending the weekend with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Earl Cadogan and his daughter Lady Sarah Cadogan, Lady (Danvers) Osborn, the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, Miss Mary Mount escorted by Mr. John Smith, and Miss Belinda Gold by Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling.

As I walked round Upper Club I met Mrs. Ronald Brooks and her daughter Belinda watching the match between the XXII versus the Ramblers 2nd XI, in which both Bobbie Brooks and his younger brother were playing on different sides, and farther on I met Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones with their daughter Jill and Etonian son.

Later, arriving for six o'clock Absence, I saw the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester whose elder son Prince William is in Mr. Coleridge's house, Lady Cromwell and her brother, Major Philip Cripps, Mrs. Tom Nickalls with her Etonian son and her charming débutante daughter Philippa, Mr. Julian and the Hon. Mrs. Floyd, and Lady Dorothea Head with a son and daughter.

Pictures are on pages 640-1.

★ ★ ★

LADY ILLINGWORTH kindly lent her fine house in Grosvenor Square for the dance which Mrs. Henry Illingworth and Mrs. d'Anyers Willis gave jointly for their daughters Mary-Dawn Illingworth, who looked enchanting in a dress of honey-coloured organza over cyclamen paper taffeta, and Caroline d'Anyers Willis who looked sweet in a white lace dress. Dancing took place not only in the downstairs reception rooms but also on a floor laid in the garden which was lit with fairy lights for the occasion. This was essentially an event for the young, who all enjoyed it tremendously, comparatively few of the older generation being there.

Among those who were dancing at this very enjoyable ball until the not-so-early hours of the morning were the Hon. Emma Tennant, Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Jennifer Mackinnon, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes, Miss Kirsty Dundas, Miss Jennifer Agnew in a checked taffeta crinoline and Mary-Dawn's cousins, Miss Janet Illingworth, Miss Mériel and Miss Belinda Gold and Miss Juliet Ormiston. Also the Hon. Myra Lopes, Miss Helene de Miramon and the Hon. Penelope Dewar.



The TATLER and Bystander,
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A COCKTAIL PARTY FOR MISS FAIREY

Far left: Lady Fairey who gave the party at Claridge's, Miss Jane Fairey and Sir Richard Fairey. Left: Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones, Mr. R. Buxton and Miss Ella Grimston. Right: Mr. D. Wingfield, Miss Penelope Roberts, Mr. Bill Durston and the Hon. Clare Monck



Swabe

Mr. Jamie Illingworth, who is doing his National Service with the Grenadier Guards in Germany, got leave for his sister's dance, and other young men there included Mr. Peter Stoddart, Mr. Edward Hulse, Lt. C. Ringrose-Voase, R.N., Mr. Val Fleming and Count Joseph Czernin.

Pictures of the dance will be found on page 635.

THE following night many of those I have already mentioned were dancing tirelessly again at the Hyde Park Hotel where Lady Kathleen Nicholson, the Hon. Mrs. Casey and Mrs. W. Codrington gave a delightful ball for their débutante daughters Miss Rose Nicholson, Miss Bridget Casey and Miss Jane Codrington, which was attended by over four hundred guests. Those I saw included the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, Miss Sally Whitelaw, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Miss Selina Harvey-Bathurst looking attractive in yellow chiffon, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Rohais Anderson, Miss Ann Doughty-Tichborne, Mr. Charles Connell, Miss Charlotte Bowater in pink, Miss Penelope Ansley in red, Miss Penelope Hanbury and Miss Sonia Pilkington, another outstandingly pretty débutante. She was in white satin and dancing with Sir Nicholas Nuttall.

Among the dinner-party hostesses for this ball were Lady Howard de Walden wearing her magnificent diamond tiara, Lady Gurney, Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, Mrs. Victor Seely, Lady Flavia Anderson and Lady Anne Rhys. Another guest at the ball was Viscount Scarsdale who told me he is one of Bridget Casey's godfathers.

EARLIER in the evening I had been to a delightful cocktail party given by Sir Richard and Lady Fairey, for his débutante daughter Jane. Not only were there many débutantes and young men, but also

several older guests at this party. Among the latter were Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Sir Stewart and Lady Mitchell, Sir James and Lady Barnes, and Mr. "Pop" d'Erlanger, who told me his eldest girl comes out next year. He was deep in conversation with Mr. Richard Fairey, who is the very keen and efficient owner-pilot of a helicopter.

Viscountess Stonehaven brought her débutante daughter the Hon. Diana Baird, and I met Lady Glenloran and her daughter the Hon. Claire Dixon, Mrs. Harrison-Broadley and her granddaughter Miss Dawn Malet, Lady Grimston and her daughter Ella, and tall and pretty Miss Ruth Huggins who was always surrounded by groups of young friends.

* * *

LE TOUQUET, which is rapidly regaining much of its prewar charm, has always been a favourite resort for English visitors, while the fact that Morton Air Service runs daily services from Croydon which only take thirty-five minutes, Silver City Airways have frequent services on which you can also take your car from both Gatwick and from Ferryfield, and Air Kruse also run a service from Ferryfield, makes it even easier to get there for a weekend than before the war. Hotel accommodation at times becomes difficult, and it was good news to hear when I was over there recently that M. Abecassis, President of the Le Touquet-Paris-Plage Etablissements, has just signed a contract to buy the Hermitage Hotel, which he proposes to modernize with several luxurious suites as well as over two hundred bedrooms, all with their own bathrooms, and hopes to have it ready by next Easter.

Good progress has been made on the new nine-hole golf course, which is to be opened at

the end of July. This will relieve a lot of congestion on the present good eighteen-hole course, which at times over the weekend became very crowded. This is not surprising, as when I walked round I found this famous course was playing extremely well.

MR. Vincent Stoneham has redecorated the small and intimate Le Manoir-Hotel, which has the atmosphere of a pleasant country house and adjoins the golf course. He also has an excellent chef who produces delicious dishes. Mr. and Mrs. Simon Lycett-Green and their pretty daughter Rose were among the guests I met staying here—they were later going on to Brussels for a short visit. The Grand Hotel, which is right on the beach and caters largely for families with young children, opens shortly.

I stayed at the big and very comfortable Westminster Hotel where the cooking has improved out of all recognition in the past two years and is now as good as any in France. A big family party enjoying the weekend in this hotel and playing golf each day were Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, their daughters Miss Pamela Weeks and Mrs. Peter Troubridge and her husband, and Lady Weeks's son, Capt. Ewan Cumming. Lt.-Col. James Coats was there with his son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Coats, and Lady Pulbrook had her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Matthews, with her.

THE Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester, who were playing tennis on the good hard courts each day, were in a party with Mr. Peter Lloyd and Mr. John Ambler. Brig. and Mrs. Fairfax Ross flew over from their home in Sussex and Mrs. Fairfax Ross went on to Paris to see their daughter at a finishing school there. She comes out next year.

[Continued overleaf]



STAGE STARS AT LUNCHEON

A gay luncheon party for stars of four London shows was held at the Savoy Hotel. Far left: George Pastell from *The King And I* and Chin Yu from *The Teahouse Of The August Moon*. Left: Richard Carlyle who is in *The Desperate Hours* chatting to Irène Hilda the star of *Can Can*. Right: Diana Churchill who is starring in *The Desperate Hours* and Eva Lister from *The King And I* at Drury Lane were reading the specially printed menu



Desmond O'Neill

Continuing The Social Journal

By air to France
for the weekend

Others there included Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wigan, Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel, who flew over for two nights, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Davis, who also came by air in their own Miles Gemini.

Three exceptionally pretty young marrieds who were enjoying the weekend here were Mrs. Hugh Rose and her husband, Mrs. Richard Dolbey and her husband, and Mrs. John Milne and her husband. Other young visitors included Mr. Nick Ackroyd and his brother Tony, Mr. Martin Browne, Mr. David Bailey, Mr. Ian Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Egerton-Warburton.

A most attractive new grillroom with yellow curtains and blue chairs has been made right along the front of the modern casino, which was packed for dinner each evening. The casino, which was rebuilt after the war, is air-conditioned and is one of the finest in Europe. On Saturday nights, when everyone has to be changed, it is a splendid setting for some of the lovely dresses.

During my stay at Le Touquet I had a wonderful lunch with friends one day at Le Club de la Forêt, which M. Flavio runs so well, specializing in the most superb cuisine with many exciting dishes. In fine weather you can lunch or dine out of doors here on the new enlarged terrace in typically gay French surroundings.

* * *

EARL AND COUNTESS HOWE had over two hundred friends at a cocktail party at their home in Curzon Street. Happily it was a fine evening so that the garden was brought into use as well. Earl Howe's son Viscount Curzon was there with his wife, also his eldest daughter, Lady Georgiana Curzon. Among the guests were the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, the Marquise du Parc-Lochmaria, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon who shares his host's interest in motor racing, the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Lord Essendon, another racing enthusiast, and Lady Essendon. Also Sir Charles Petrie and his wife, who is the very able Mayor of Kensington, Viscount Astor and his young bride, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter, Air Marshal Sir Frederick and Lady Bowhill, and Air Chief



Col. S. Lycett-Green and Miss Rose Lycett-Green at Le Manoir Hotel, Le Touquet, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Larking

Marshal Sir Francis and Lady Fogarty, who had kindly given me a lift on from Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe's most attractively decorated flat in Albion Gate, where I met many friends at their cocktail party.

The McIndoe's guests included Countess Mountbatten of Burma looking very chic in blue, talking to Sir Simon and Lady Marks who were in great form, also Sir Henry and Lady D'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who were still receiving congratulations on his becoming M.P. for Walsall South at the recent election, Col. and Mrs. Tony Cook, Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, and Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Durlacher. Notable colleagues of the host in the medical profession at the party included Sir Harold Gillies, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Stanford Cade and Mr. Charles Read. Sir Archibald McIndoe and his good-looking wife are a gay and amusing host and hostess, and this was an exceptionally enjoyable party.

* * *

I HAVE never seen a more enchanting picture than brunette and lovely Miss Susan Clifford-Turner, wearing a white tulle dress, embroidered with crystal beads and silver bugles, and equally beautiful but blonde Miss Penelope Knowles, wearing a candy pink, white and gold striped organza dress standing outside on an Italian terrace receiving the several hundred guests who came to their joint coming-out dance. With them were Susan's parents Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner and Penelope's mother Mrs. John Knowles. The setting was the Clifford-Turner's enchanting London home, "The Cottage," in Hobart Place, which dates back

long before the Great Fire of London. The dance really took place in the garden. There a red and white striped canopy with brilliant glass chandeliers had been erected over the dance floor, while supper tables were arranged on a balcony at one end. The pillars were artistically covered with greenery and lemons, and the whole place had been cleverly lit to give a very gay and becoming setting. Somehow having it out of doors (happily the rain stopped just as guests began to arrive!) was so refreshing and added to the enchantment of the evening. A buffet, delightfully decorated, was also arranged in the garden near the dance floor, so that guests of all ages were kept in the picture.

I met the Spanish Ambassador who came on from a film première with Mrs. John Ward, also Mr. and Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn, Sir Ronald and Lady Gurney whose daughter Richenda looked pretty in pale blue, Mrs. Martin Soames whose débutante daughter Elfin was dancing happily, Mr. Henry Illingworth and Mr. and Mrs. William Dwight Whitney, who like all those I have mentioned had given a dinner party for the dance: other older guests included the Countess of Suffolk and Mr. Eric Rylands. Among the young people dancing merrily were Princess Sandra Torlonia, the Earl of Erne, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Virginia Llewellyn, tall Count Ferdinand Galen who is studying at Oxford, Miss Lavinia Coryton, Mr. David Bailey, the Earl of Suffolk, and Miss Nichola Cayzer who had her own coming-out dance the following evening.

SIR NICHOLAS AND LADY CAYZER gave this ball for their daughter at Claridge's, and Nichola looked lovely in a dream dress of pale coffee coloured tulle, embroidered in sequins, which her uncle Mr. Bernard Cayzer had given her. Vases of mixed summer flowers and sweet scented lilies, beautifully arranged, decorated the reception rooms and the ballroom which was soon crowded with around seven hundred guests. Among the dinner-party hostesses I saw at the ball were the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, Mrs. Stanley Cayzer, Lady Forteviot, Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Lady Musker, Mrs. William Wyatt, Lady Doughty Tichborne, and Mrs. William Pilkington, who arrived with her dinner party of sixteen. Her débutante daughter, Miss Verity-Anne Pilkington, looking sweet in pale blue organza, was later dancing with Mr. David Griffiths. He, with his brother Michael, was motoring back to Cheshire directly after the dance in time to exhibit some of their prize-winning cows at a county show. Miss Sonia Pilkington, also in pale blue, was dancing with Lord Patrick Beresford.



Major Ewan Cumming, Miss Pamela Weeks, Mr. Anthony Bell, Mrs. Peter Troubridge, Miss Weeks's sister, and her husband, Lt. Peter Troubridge, R.N.



Mr. Cecil Ward, Mrs. Cecil Ward and Mrs. Sproate Williamson were among the visitors staying at Le Manoir

Others enjoying this excellent ball included Miss Valerie Maxwell in white, her cousin, Miss Anne Smallwood, wearing a flowered paper taffeta dress, the Marquess of Hertford, Miss Antonia Edmonstone, Miss Penelope Musker, gay and vivacious, Miss Emily Abel Smith in blue, Mr. Ronald Gurney, Miss Fiona Parker, Lord Savile, Miss Philippa Nickalls, Sir Nicholas Nuttall and Mr. Henry Middleton. Lord and Lady Rotherwick were among the older guests, also the Dowager Countess of Jellicoe, who had a succession of friends wanting to sit and talk to her.

★ ★ ★

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed my visit to the Marlborough Galleries, 17-18 Old Bond Street, to see the exhibition of paintings by those two famous impressionists Pissarro and Sisley, which is open until July 16. The exhibition is in aid of the Save the Children Fund and Children and Youth of Aliyah. Most of the pictures belong to private collectors who have generously lent their works for this fine exhibition, and many bore the label denoting they were not for sale. Amongst those who have lent works by these two artists are Lord Radcliffe, Viscount Astor, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Sir Alexander Korda and M. Jean d'Alayer. They include such lovely paintings as Pissarro's "La Seine à Marly, 1871" and "Femme Lavant une Casserole, 1879." Also Sisley's "Une Avenue de Peupliers, 1888," "Le Pont de Moret, et Les Moulins, 1890" considered by some experts as one of his best, and "Martin D'Hiver, 1878," the only picture by this artist in the exhibition for sale; the price I was told was between six and seven thousand pounds.

★ ★ ★

IF you are in London today, June 15, don't forget to go to the Midsummer Market, organized by Members of the English Speaking Union, to raise funds for their Garden Club Scholarship, which is being held in the Royal Horticultural Society (Old Hall), in Vincent Square, from 11.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. H.M. the Queen and the Queen Mother are sending gifts of flowers, and leis of orchids have been sent over by air by the Garden Club of Honolulu.

★ ★ ★

H. H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE has graciously promised to attend the Summer Ball, to be held at the Dorchester on June 29, in aid of the Dockland Settlements and Malvern Clubs. Tickets for the ball from Mrs. Alan Selborne, 82 Park Street, W.1.



Mr. Martin Browne and Mr. Ian Cameron were sitting in the sun outside the Westminster Hotel



LE TOUQUET GREETSS BRITISH VISITORS

MANY British visitors were to be seen at Le Touquet over the Whitsun weekend. This gay resort on the other side of the Channel, within easy air reach, is regaining all of its prewar attraction. Above: Sir Ronald Weeks talking to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Egerton-Warburton



Top: The Hon. Mrs. A. G. Samuel was leaving Le Touquet by a Morton plane. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Tollenarr

Above: Mrs. Myles Eadon and her mother, Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon. Below: Mr. Timothy Stephenson and Mr. Michael Wright

Swaebe

WIMBLEDON FORTNIGHT

FRANK SHAW, the noted sporting correspondent, who is an outstanding Rugby and lawn tennis player, here sums up the form of contestants in the All-England Championships; and stresses the possibility of surprises in one of the most open Fortnights for years

THE Fortnight, which this year opens on Monday next, has been growing steadily in importance since World War One. It was in the twenties, a tennis decade dominated by Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills, by Lacoste, Cochet and Borotra, that the British Amateur Championship attained world recognition as one of the most worth while of the game's prizes. The crowds who daily throng the Centre Court, therefore, are witnessing as good tennis as may be seen anywhere in the world, always brilliant, often inspired.

Among those unfortunately unable to compete at Wimbledon next Monday are Mr. Andreev, Miss Chuvyrina and Mrs. Brinker.

Mr. Andreev is the singles champion of the U.S.S.R. and Miss Chuvyrina, another Muscovite, has held the ladies' title for the last four years. But although Russia sends oarsmen to Henley, footballers to Wembley and athletes to the White City, she cannot yet challenge at Wimbledon because she has so far neglected to join the International Lawn Tennis Federation.

A pity, I think, for the Centre Court this year loses its outstanding personality with the retirement, perhaps only temporary, of its ladies' champion of 1952-3-4.

MAUREEN CONNOLLY became Mrs. Norman Brinker only last Saturday and is spending her honeymoon at Wimbledon. If, next week, we see again that nodding head and sudden illuminating smile, it will be in the Press box instead of the arena.

Who, knowing Miss Connolly, can doubt that her decision not to play is the right one? Her fractured right leg had, it seemed, knitted perfectly—until she returned to lawn tennis. Then she was dismayed to find that the leg was not responding properly to exercise, and she could not run as well as formerly.

Bad luck in health has also been dogging Drobny, the men's champion, during the last few months. Dysentery, a torn muscle in his right calf, and an inflamed appendix have combined to immobilize Wimbledon's idol for so long that his practice on grass has been limited to three weeks.

The competition facing him is practically identical with last year's, and the issue is as open. One of the first six "seeds" should win, and any one of another half-dozen could; but there is no player who can be certain of beating any one of the other "seeds" on any particular day. For luck still plays a vital rôle in the first-class game and no man wins Wimbledon unless luck treads the Centre Court alongside him.

BASICALLY the championship is yet another fierce engagement in the unending battle between Australia and America for the highest honours in lawn tennis. With Drobny's chances diminished, his title can logically be



Above: Mrs. Beverly Fleitz, of California, in play. As Miss Beverly Baker she captured the affections of the Centre Court crowds in 1951. Below: J. Drobny (Egypt), men's singles champion last year, has been dogged by ill health recently





Hartwig (Australia)
"most improved player
of world class this year"

expected to pass to one of the men who fought out the Davis Cup challenge round in Melbourne last December, when the Americans recaptured the trophy they had lost in 1950.

Their fighters then, Seixas and Trabert, form the spearhead of their Wimbledon team next week, and together are the strongest doubles pair in the world at present.

Seixas, the winner here in 1953, is the reigning champion of America. Although he will be thirty-two in August, there is no fitter man at Wimbledon, few speedier, and none with a keener understanding of match-play.

Trabert was the favourite to win last year, when blisters killed his chance, and he will be many prophets' favourite this.

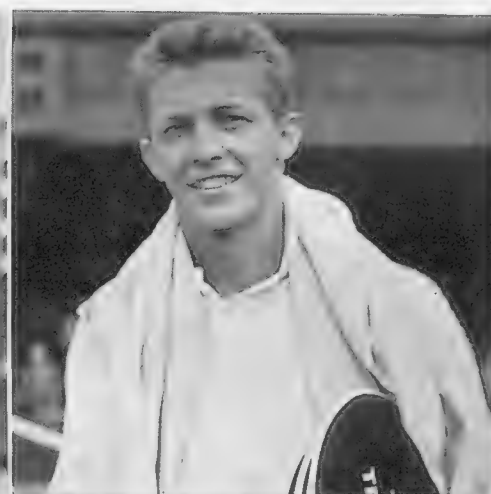
If his subsequent treatments have been successful then this powerfully built and freckled twenty-four year old has the strokes, the disposition and the nervous control to bring him to his goal. But no man can win through the Wimbledon fortnight with calloused and blistered hands.

AMONG several others manning the American guns are a number of colourful characters whose chances appear slighter but who are likely always to dislodge a more fancied favourite. There is Patty, the elegant former champion whose delightful stroke play could earn him the title again. A good "outsider," Patty, as is Richardson, who has quietly climbed to No. 3 in his own country. Then we have Mulloy, the argumentative Miami lawyer, who appears more often on court than in court and belies his forty-one years with his great dexterity. . . . The left-handed Larsen; shell-shocked in the war and still highly strung. . . . Flam, a rare fighter and popular Wimbledon favourite. All names to draw the crowds and to excite pleasurable anticipation when they appear.

Against this array, Australia is throwing in storm-troops who are no less impressive. Leading them are the two brilliant youngsters, Hoad and Rosewall, whom we first saw as seventeen-year-olds in 1952 when they startled and delighted us all with tennis which, like Miss Connolly's, was incredible for their age. They have never quite achieved at Wimbledon what has been hoped of them, though Rosewall was losing finalist last July; but for years they have been subject to Guards-like discipline in their country's Davis Cup squad and it may be that since that discipline has been somewhat relaxed, we



Above: Miss Louise Brough (U.S.A.), six times finalist and three times champion, will be seen no more at Wimbledon after this year. Below: Miss D. Hart (U.S.A.), the world's No. 2 player



Above: Trabert (U.S.A.), greatly fancied if he has overcome his blister trouble. Below: Miss Mortimer (U.K.), women's singles winner in the National Covered Courts Championships, 1954

shall find the young men themselves less tense and more dangerous.

In my opinion, Hartwig is the most improved player of world class in the last year. That he can now hold his own in the highest company is clear from his twelve-months' record of two wins and two defeats against Seixas; 2-0 against Trabert; 3-4 Rosewall; and 1-3 Hoad. Total: eight victories, nine defeats.

Perhaps more than most players, Hartwig needs the company of good luck to produce his best game. It could happen here; and Hartwig counts as Wimbledon's "dark horse."

HEADED by Fraser and Cooper, of their Davis Cup squad, there are half a dozen other young Australian competitors to prove how strong the game is "down under," and the leading players of nearly forty other nations are here as well. When we recall the thrilling displays we have seen from such men as Bergelin, Neilsen, Davidson, Vieira, Morea, Washer, Brichant and Gardini, we know we owe them all a warm welcome. Merlo of Italy is coming rapidly to the front, South Africa is strongly represented and our own young hopefuls will not disgrace us. But it will be the biggest surprise since Petra if the winner is not from one of the two leading lawn tennis nations.

Perhaps because of Miss Connolly's retirement, Australia has also sent over this season at least fourteen of her leading women players. But again it seems a foregone conclusion that the ladies' champion will be American for the twelfth time in succession. Apart from our Miss Stammers in 1939, every runner-up in those years has also been American!

Miss Doris Hart, winner once and three times runner-up, and Miss Louise Brough,

champion three times in succession and three other times a finalist, are both here once more. Each has stated that this is her last competitive season, and each has an obvious chance to close her career as queen of Wimbledon. Either would be a most popular winner.

But there is a third American, Mrs. Beverly Fleitz, whom either is always relieved to beat. In fact, Miss Hart has never lost to her, but last year she conquered Miss Connolly at La Jolla and she beat Miss Brough.

MRS. FLEITZ was last here in 1951 when she was Beverly Baker and barely twenty-one. She captured the public's imagination as much by her sharkskin dresses as by the ambidexterity that allowed her, by changing her racket from right hand to left, to make every drive on her forehand. The sunshine of California was in her flashing smile and her golden freckles, and I hope it is still there. For that she will become this year's darling of the Centre Court I have not the slightest doubt; and she might well become its champion.

Miss Darlene Hard, another Californian, is a remarkable sixteen-year-old paying her first visit here after some sensational victories in America. Clearly, one would think, a champion of the not-too-distant future, unless she is overtaken by the fifteen-year-old South African prodigy, Miss Jean Forbes, who is too young for Wimbledon this year except in the junior event.

The nearest challengers to America are the English girls and Madame Chatrier of France, who was Miss Susan Partridge. So to Misses Mortimer, Buxton, Bloomer, Ward and the others I wish the full measure of luck I think they will need.

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"Why does a girl always have to dance backwards?"

IT is amazing how, during the past year, the cult of Dylan Thomas the poet, who died in New York eighteen months ago, has grown. Seven editions of a book of his collected poems have been sold out, which is the first time a poet has been a best-seller since Byron.

A few nights ago I sat in the stalls listening to Emlyn Williams reciting his poetry and telling his stories to a packed house for nigh on three hours—and people left the theatre content they had had their money's worth.

Now, what makes this phenomenon?

I think it is the reaction after years of astringent versifying by gentlemen who, although brilliant, had deliberately removed themselves from the world in which the live Dylan had a go. He was as rowdy as Kit Marlowe.

Said his contemporaries: "He looks like an unmade bed."

To me he was like a roly-poly, pudgy little butterfly, darting everywhere, too quick for your net.

★ ★ ★

WHEN first he came to London he became a member of the Augustus John caravan. You couldn't call it a coterie, for it was always moving on somewhere. It was made up of writers, painters, models, musicians and they would move at John's sudden command from the Café Royal to the Wheatsheaf, to the Fitzroy Tavern. There were Nina Hamnett, Betty May and many other famous characters of the twenties in the caravan, and I think the only place they never did rest was the Cavendish in Jermyn Street.

Dylan, the little journalist from Swansea, was enchanted by such company and thrived. He never seemed to have any money and once he was accused of being a sponger. "I am not," he replied indignantly. "I am an exploiter!"

His manners towards women, whom he adored, were what is known as "froward" (*sic*) and he was often getting into trouble

for his attitude towards barmaids during opening hours.

Charlie Chaplin cordially disliked him, he told me, and the people who employed him writing film scripts and the like could have murdered him, for when they wanted results the butterfly had gone, or forgotten.

★ ★ ★

I THINK all this was due not just to a natural aptitude for bad manners but because he had an outsize dose of the greatest failing of the Welsh race, an inferiority complex.

We used to go to pubs together when he grew older and I got to love him, for he was so gentle. We would stand at the bar, silent awhile, like two horses with their heads over a gate, then talk about Thomas Hardy's poetry, which we both loved.



"... she does a thriving trade selling wind to visiting sailors"

He died on the way to California, where he was to work with Stravinsky on an opera.

Needing the money to get there he stopped over in New York to give some readings of his stories—and New York was too much for him.

He died, said the surgeon, of "an insult to the brain," which means he drank too much.

Poets are like that.

★ ★ ★

MY favourite débutante Deirdre was so bored by the débutante dance in Park Lane the other night. She had intended to ride a bicycle round the ball-room floor but an official, who looked stuffy to her, barred her entrance.

Also Mummy had forbidden a strapless job she had her eye on and sent her out to battle in a kind of sheath affair which made her feel like Beatrix Potter's Tom Kitten when wrapped in dough for baking. During an interval she stole the drummer's sticks and gave the company a rousing roll or two. Then she suggested a game of hockey and sent some young men to steal umbrellas from the cloakroom, but her friends funk'd it.

During the dancing she fell to reflecting: Why does a girl always have to dance backwards? It is the most perilous proceeding.

She decided there and then to start a campaign to make men dance backwards for a change and succeeded in winning many converts before the evening was out.

BUT it is not to be thought that Deirdre doesn't like men. They give her, she confessed to me, a delicious sense of power.

"They're such *ninnies*," she explained to me.

The boy friend who flew her around Daddy's constituency for the election (Daddy got in comfortably) has been calling for her a lot this past fortnight and she made him take her stock car racing. She thoroughly enjoyed herself and thought the crashes quite *wonderful*.

WHEN the bailiff calls (which heaven forbid) it is the law that he must leave a bed, chair and table. But now I read that the California legislature has recognized that a television set is also a necessity of life and not to be swiped.

These are wonderful times we live in.

I fell to wondering, what *is* a necessity? It seems to me to vary with age.

When I was ten the one necessity of my life was somebody to answer questions.

When fifteen, a book. There never were enough books, so I had to make up for myself in bed sequels to the books I had. There was one sequel to a book by Victoria Cross that would have shocked the authoress more than somewhat.

A girl of seventeen needs a summer frock more than life itself.

A woman of twenty-five would be desperate without a mirror.

A man of thirty-five needs just as badly somebody to listen to his stories (of course, bailiffs are awfully good at this).

And an oldster of either sex hungers all through the sleepless nights and drifting days for something or somebody to make them angry, so that they have a legitimate excuse for scolding. Scolding without an excuse is not playing the game.

* * *

WHAT is an "Ex-witch?"

I don't believe it is possible for a woman who has been a witch ever to abandon her craft. It goes against nature.

But here is a lady of Sparkhill, Birmingham, aged forty-two, who says that black-magic men shaved her head as a punishment because she had given up the cult.

As Gertrude Stein would have said "a witch is a witch."

Once you are committed to it you stay committed, just as a billiards marker cannot help rattling the snooker frame.

Dr. Margaret Murray, that splendid woman at London University, recently wrote a book called *God Of The Witches*, in which she strove to prove that William Rufus, slain in the New Forest, Thomas a'Becket, slain at Canterbury, Joan of Arc and Gilles de Rai's, both slain in France, were all members of the cult.

I do not know how she comes to her conclusions, but I do know that there are followers of the pre-Christian Horned God still practising in England to this day.

One of the nicest of them, to my mind, is an old lady in the Orkneys who does a thriving trade selling wind to visiting sailors.

* * *

MY favourite boy is Master Patrick Kavanagh, who appeared at the annual Regent's Park Carhorse Parade driving his pony and cart.

The judges attempted to stop him. "That's not a horse," they said. "It is," said Patrick fiercely. "It's a *miniature* horse." And he won. They let him compete and he won first prize for turn-out.

Patrick will go far.



THE RT. HON. BERNARD MARMADUKE FITZALAN-HOWARD, 16th Duke of Norfolk, is England's premier duke and Earl Marshal. In this rôle he has been largely responsible for the arrangements of two Coronations—a stupendous undertaking, for which the triumph of the occasions was in great part due to his quiet and unerring efficiency. This quality he brings to all his official duties, and is depicted above as H.M. the Queen's official Representative at Ascot; in this capacity he personally supervises all applications for the Royal Enclosure. He is a keen supporter of racing, is a member of the Jockey Club and has been the force behind many of the improvements which have been brought to fruition on Ascot racecourse this year.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW IN NORTHERN IRELAND

THE Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Annual Show was held successfully in a predominance of bright sunshine at Balmoral, Belfast. Entries were greater than ever at this important Northern Irish agricultural event which dates back to 1854. Right: Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. A. R. G. Gordon, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., President of the Royal Ulster Agricultural Society, H.E. the Governor of Northern Ireland, Lord Wakehurst, and Major C. A. M. Alexander, M.C., D.L., Deputy Chairman of the Society, watching the judging



J. R. Bainbridge

At the Races

"THEY GALLOP IN ALL SHAPES"

IT is more than likely that anyone who has ever had anything to do with horses or the fair sex may have heard the remark, "They gallop in all shapes." This was so true of Phil Drake who made the rest of them look like a lot of seaside donkeys once he got on to the flat after that hill to Tattenham Corner. He could make no sort of a fight of it down the hill, because he has not got the shoulders to cope with it. He is far too straight, and to be comfortable coming down a hill it is necessary for a horse's shoulders to be well laid-back.

It was the fact of his straightness, so I am told, that caused his fair owner to be in some doubt about running him at all. Few with shoulders like a yard and a half of pump water can tackle a downhill journey with much comfort; and over fences that kind of horse is a positive menace because he has nothing

to help him recover. Phil Drake will probably win the St. Leger.

Although it had not quite all the ingredients of a Nat Gould yarn this year's Derby had enough of them to be going on with right up to the moment before the start.

LORD BURNHAM was quite right to be so non-committal at the Press Club lunch, that annual function at which owners, trainers and jockeys are expected to give away the most secret of stable information. Lord Burnham said that nobody knew, and he was just about right! Incidentally, the noble Lord used to be much fonder of fox-hunting (with the Whaddon) than he was of racing! Anyway he was very prudent not to turn racing tipster and add yet another to the ranks of that fearless breed headed by our friend "Old Joe."



There was no public form before the Derby upon which anyone, however venturesome, could make the well-worn remark about "till the cows come home," or those others about "shirts," "bottom dollars" and so forth. We had only one gallop which seemed at all like it—that one mile five furlong one at Chester over a little soup plate of a course—and another at Newmarket which almost beat the clock. We also had the sinister rumour about Acropolis and dark prophecies about why H.H. The Aga Khan took all the trouble to come from the Côte d'Azur to see Hafiz II run.

As a matter of fact there was only one in the whole fleet of them who had an honest to goodness public performance to his credit, and he a doubtful stayer.

IT is surprising to find the old superstition still persists that June 4, at Eton, is the birthday of the founder. A king did found that famous establishment, but it was not George III. Also, like St. Andrew, he never was an Eton boy, although so many people think that both these gentlemen were. George III was merely very taken with Eton, so much so that when he died the boys decided, as a mark of their appreciation, to wear a black band on their toppers. This was a very proper gesture, but I think the sooner people give up the idea that either George III or St. Andrew founded Eton, the better.

—SABRETACHE



CHANTILLY RACEGOERS SAW "FRENCH OAKS"

THE Prix de Diane (£9122), equivalent of the Oaks, always draws a large attendance to Chantilly, and this year was no exception. Above, the winning horse Douve is seen being led in by its jockey, J. Deforge, with the smiling owner, M. M. Goudechaux, behind. Among spectators of Douve's victory were (left) M. Guy de Rothschild and M. Marcel Boussac, here walking in the paddock, and (right) Europe's most ubiquitous racegoer, the Aga Khan, chatting with Mme. Suzy Volterra, whose Phil Drake had won the Derby just previously





Lady Barber and her husband, Lt. Gen. Sir Colin Barber, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., who came over from Ripon



Mr. William Nicholson, Miss Willow Hare and Mr. Timothy Sallitt were among the large number of younger guests at the ball



Mrs. Ian Dallas, Mr. Ian Dallas, Miss Eva Reiss and her father, Mr. Walter Reiss, were a cheerful group of four watching the dancers



POLO PLAYERS' BALL AT YORK

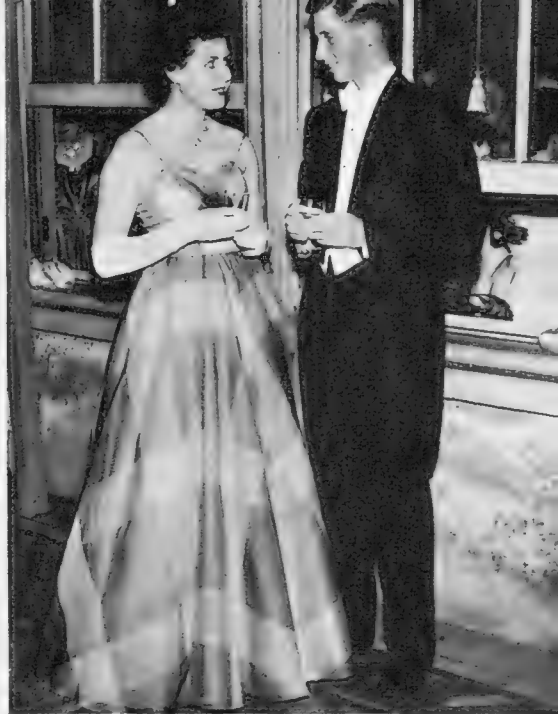
THE Toulston Polo Club held a most successful ball in the Assembly Rooms at York. The club play twice a week and their ground, Toulston Park, is on the Leeds road, near Tadcaster. Above: Sitting—Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith, Mrs. T. K. Blackburn, joint organiser of the ball, Mrs. J. Fielden and Brig. J. Gammon, C.B.E. Standing—Mr. T. K. Blackburn, Lt.-Col. A. A. Warburton, D.S.O., and Mr. Douglas Riley-Smith, who is president of the club



Mr. George Calvert, Mrs. George Calvert and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Robinson. Mr. Calvert and Mr. Robinson are the oldest playing members, and both first team players



Miss Jennifer Agnew, whose mother is giving a dance for her on June 17th, talking to Mr. George Norrie



A DANCE IN GROSVENOR SQUARE

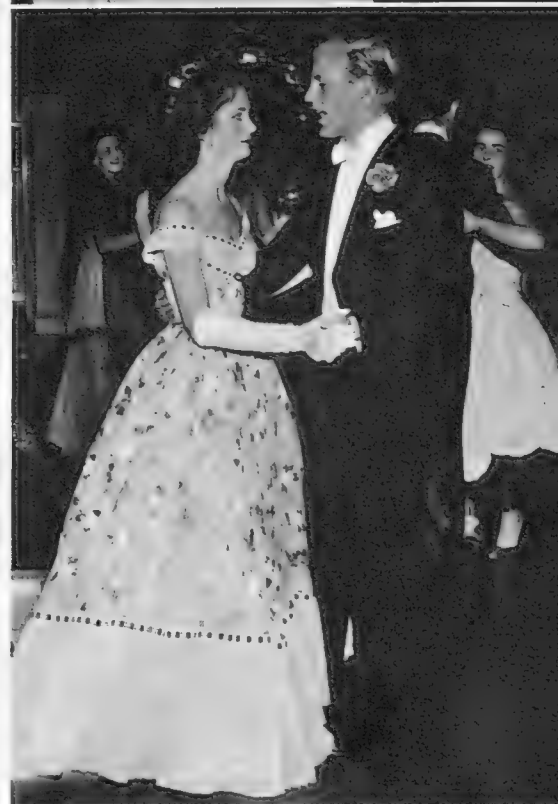
LADY ILLINGWORTH lent her house in Grosvenor Square for a dance given for her great-niece at which Mrs. Henry Illingworth was hostess together with Mrs. Charles d'Anyers Willis, whose daughter shared the dance. Above: Miss Mary-Dawn Illingworth and Miss Caroline d'Anyers Willis, the debutantes

Miss Helene de Miramon dancing with Count Joseph Czernin. The victory of Waterloo was announced to the Prime Minister in this ball-room in 1815



Mr. Jamie and Miss Jean Illingworth, brother and sister of Miss Mary Illingworth, with Miss Mary Nicholson

Miss Penelope Dewar and Mr. Jocelyn Stevens. Dancing was also held in the little garden, very attractively lit by coloured lights, all round the fountain



At the Theatre

Harder than it looks

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

MR. WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME has described amusingly the agonies of suspense he endures at the first night of a play of his own. While the curtain is up he paces the empty foyer chain-smoking feverishly, a displaced, stateless person, self-outcast from society; as each interval approaches he darts for refuge into his car and drives round and round the block, a wanderer in timeless torment.

He might have spared himself all this suffering at the first night of *The Reluctant Débutante* at the Cambridge. He had sent on to the stage a high-stepping little satire on upper-class mothers madly bent on getting daughters fashionably married as early as possible in the season, and it never once looked like putting a foot wrong.

HAD there been a stumble, Miss Celia Johnson and Mr. Wilfred Hyde White would scarcely have given us time to remark it, with such light dexterity do they handle the reins. It spanked out of the ring in the style that sets judges reaching automatically for the triumphal rosette and to the kind of applause that tells speculative ticket buyers that they are on a good thing. A pity if at this moment the author was driving round the block in despair.



THE BLOW THAT SHATTERS. Mrs. Broadbent (Celia Johnson), a relentless huntress of prospective sons-in-law, in panic-stricken despair upon the telephone, is soothed by offers of champagne by her long-suffering, imperturbable husband (Wilfred Hyde White)



LET THE BEST MAN WIN: Jane (Anna Massey), the reluctant débutante, with her suitors, David Bulloch (Peter Myers), of the Brigade of Guards, and David Hoyle-Johnson (John Merivale), dark horse, man of the world, and much more to her fancy

Yet Mr. Home's competitors in the field of light satirical comedy may well mutter under their breath that really there is nothing much to this particular "winner." Nor is there. The author has happened on a subject perfectly suited to after-dinner comedy and found for it the correct social idiom. He has treated it with no more than facetious grace, leaving to his accomplished players the task of making facetious grace appear graceful wit.

Very likely there is no more to it than that; yet the fact remains that while we have many first-class comedians on the stage to-day, they all too rarely find anyone capable of supplying them with the native brand of after-dinner comedy in which they excel.

NO doubt a serious comic writer might have invested this account of a young girl's "coming out" through a nightly series of interminable tribal dances with more social significance than Mr. Home bothers about. But then Mr. Home simply uses

the maddeningly reluctant débutante, the frantically anxious mother and the amused, indifferent father to tell a good after-dinner story for the theatre.

So long as stories as entertaining in their apparent irresponsibility as *The Chillern Hundreds* and its successes are so few, I shall continue to think that they must be difficult to write, however thin their texture and however luckily they seemed to suit the talents of the cast.

THE point of this particular joke is that, while the mother regards it as a matter of honour that the daughter should have a young man invited to dine and dance every night, the girl herself shows a marked, an almost gauche unwillingness to play her part in the tribal rites. She hardly recognises her mother, such a sensible and understanding person in their country home, in the ruthlessly competitive woman scrambling over the telephone for eligible young men, and so flustered in her eagerness that she is almost bound to get an undesirable mixed up with the eligibles.

The girl is delighted to let the obvious mistake alone. The Brigade of Guards means less to her than the possibilities she perceives in the dark handsome young man who is regarded by all good mothers as a social menace.

AND, it goes without saying, her instinct proves right. The young man is able not only to clear his character with one hand but to produce an Italian dukedom with another—but not before the wanderings through night clubs and the awful significance of their growing lateness have reduced her mother to a state of panic.

The joke lies, of course, not in its point, but in a loose mesh of mischievous and spirited dialogue which catches the mother's ridiculous obsession, of which she is herself helplessly half-aware, and which is admirably set off by her husband's ironic common sense.

Mr. Home is lucky not only in his brilliant principals but in Miss Anna Massey, who plays the débutante with striking aplomb, and in a lesser degree in Mr. John Merivale, who is smooth and easy as the dark horse in a loose box.



Armstrong Jones

WOODEN HORSE GROWS CLAWS

"TIGER AT THE GATES," at the Apollo Theatre, Christopher Fry's translation of the celebrated play by Giraudoux about the Trojan War, has waited twenty years before having a professional London production. The distinguished cast includes Diane Cilento as Helen and Catherine Lacey as Hecuba, with masculine performances of exceptional magnitude and power from Michael Redgrave and Walter Fitzgerald as Hector and Ulysses. The play, bitter and witty, is directed by Harold Clurman, with decor by London Sainthill and incidental music by Lennox Berkeley. Left: Ajax (Christopher Rhodes) and Cassandra (Leueen MacGrath) in one of the play's many tense moments

London Limelight

Nimbus for a star

AT the Café de Paris the Queen of Cabaret is enthroned, the astronomical Marlene Dietrich herself. Douglas Fairbanks, K.B.E., acted as her Grand Chamberlain on the opening night, and as she paused on that memorable staircase to receive her ovation, a little electric fan installed for the occasion wafted the pink voile veils of her dreamy concealing-revealing skirts into a cloud about her radiant limelit figure. It was a moment of triumph.

Then she sang in German about a little café in Berlin, and I wondered just how short were the memories of the advisers to this ageless queen. But the crisis passed. She sang her own version of "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," performed a quick change into topper and tails, tucked a

microphone into her breast pocket, sang a character number and ended, of course, with "Falling In Love Again."

Most of us, I think, did just that.

BRIAN REECE steps with the aplomb of what used to be called a "light comedian" into the bulky gap left by Hutch's laryngitis at Quag's.

His attack as a raconteur is very like that of a pre-Ensa comic, the star of the first Desert Rats concert party I once saw around the slopes of Hellfire Pass: a Cockney "pro" revelling in every syllable. "There's ten minutes of this lot," was



Brian Reece carries his audience along with him on the crest of the wave as he reminisces with speed and point at Quaglino's

his opening line, "and I'm not going to wait for yer."

Mr. Reece, too, pauses for no man, but so deft is the putting-over of his up-to-the-minute cracks that he makes us feel flatteringly quick-witted.

IT is difficult to escape a twinge of conscience about Pat Hollander's *The Lost Generation*, at the Garrick. To be superior about a play dealing with passionate sincerity in nostalgic matters such as *The Few* and *The Blitz* is to admit publicly to being a cad or (even worse) a foreigner. I sat through most of this heart-tugging affair with tears streaming down my face, ashamed because the amateurish note, which was only too recognisable, recalled so vividly the heroic days. It reminded me of seeing a padre behaving theatrically (because he was both emotional and frightened) in the presence of genuine death on a battlefield that happened to resemble a stage set.

Despite the treacle of the writing and some inept production, the play was not negligible. Notable and sincere performances from Nora Swinburne, a wartime mother, Leslie Phillips, as the quintessence of R.A.F., and Michael Brill (a new-comer), as cynical heroism incarnate, very nearly brought the journey to a happy ending.

—Youngman Carter

"SON OF SINBAD" is a lavish Arabian Nights romance in Technicolor, starring Dale Robertson as Sinbad, the adventurer who overcomes a threat to the Kalif's empire from Tamerlane the Great, the scourge of Asia. Right: Lili St. Cyr as the Queen Nerissa, pearl of the Harem



At the Pictures

Dennis W. Clarke

Miracle in the Bronx

THE United Artists' film *Marty* won the Cannes Film Festival this year, and so became the first American film ever to do so. After seeing it, admiring it, being moved by it, I hasten to place my vote on record, too. It is an outstanding example of the art of the cinema, not to be missed.

The story is no more than boy meets girl. It happens in the seedy Bronx neighbourhood of New York and they are two very commonplace, very plain people. Script-writer Paddy Chayefsky and director Delbert Mann have woven from this dross a cloth of pure gold.

It is all done so simply and unaffectedly that your attention and emotions are engaged without your ever seeming to know why. At the end you realise you have had a satisfying emotional experience. But how? There is nothing to pick on, nothing remarkable, no marvels of production, no wide screen or colour, no masterpieces of direction or editing, no coruscating script—in fact, nothing to identify it with that great film factory at Hollywood.

What makes it tick then? I think it is the absence of false values, its complete realism in that it is true to life, its complete art in that it betters reality by selecting the significant.

Edward Borgnine is Marty, the hero. This is a superlatively sound performance from an actor whom we have hitherto thought of principally as a typed badman. He is a young butcher living with his widowed mother (Esther Minciotti).

Although kindly, he is so ugly and gauche that he never hits it off with girls. He is only further wounded by his family's exhortations to marry.

At a cheap dance hall he meets and befriends Betsy Blair, a plain Jane of a schoolteacher, roughly his female counterpart. Both come alive and spend an enjoyable and innocuous evening together, promising to meet on the morrow.

BUT next day Marty's old feckless life reasserts itself under the pressure of aimless youths whose sole interests are baseball and sexy magazines, but who never know what they want to do. The film gives a terrifying and witty sketch of this milieu, which can be reproduced in any city.

Then the splendid ending. Sitting in the bar while juke-boxes and his moronic companions chatter, Marty exclaims, "Why am I wasting my time?" He goes to the phone box and rings Miss Blair. That is all.

Pretty thin stuff, as you see. In fact, I should think most producers would throw down the script on sight. Instead, it is

transformed into a moving drama of the ordinary, the meek and the ugly.

No prizes, festival or otherwise, for Paramount's *The Far Horizons*. We are back in the rut of Technicolored large-screen (VistaVision) Western complete with cavalry, Indians, trimmings and all.

Of its kind it is tolerable. But what a pity more was not made of this inspiring subject. It is the time of the Louisiana Purchase. President Jefferson, having bought Louisiana from the French, appoints a military expedition, under the leadership of Merriweather Lewis (Fred MacMurray) and William Clark (Charlton Heston), to explore and map the new territory to the shores of the Pacific.

SUCH facts would have made a splendid epic—the obstacles of the trail, the encounters with Indians, the excitement of—like Cortez—sighting the Pacific. But love has to be dragged in. First there is the rivalry between Fred MacMurray and Charlton Heston for the girl they left behind, Barbara Hale.

Secondly, en route they pick up an Indian girl who acts as guide, protectress and general nuisance. This is Squaw Donna Reed, member of a tribe of blue-eyed Indians who speak with Harvard accents.

In the same programme at the Plaza is *Assignment Children*. This is a most worthy and informative record of the work in India and the Far East of the United Nations Children's Fund.

Danny Kaye comments and comperes with great skill and demonstrates that clowning knows no frontiers.



Ernest Borgnine as the benevolent butcher in search of a wife, in *Marty*

Television

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

ONE of the most original talents employed on production by the B.B.C. is Christian Simpson's. Mr. Simpson also has none of the usual inhibitions about treating TV as an art. Working in what is commonly thought of as a mass entertainment medium, his searchings after visual poetry are inevitably suspect. Nor, indeed, do they always come off as charmingly as his delicate pieces of chinoiserie to verses by James Kirkup, as completely as his justly repeated production of the Menotti Christmas Opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

When a Simpson experiment fails to come off it may fade into preciousness. But as a lonely figure feeling after whatever beauty the television industry may conceal, his work is never less than interesting. His new series, starting next Friday to illustrate some of the things we miss, show us new ways of looking at them and for them. Study of "visual perception" is, I am told, a fashionable new "ism." If Mr. Simpson can apply it to removing the blinkers from television, good luck to him.

ALSO on Friday evening, TV pays tribute to another poet in a mechanical medium, Walt Disney. This latest adventure in Disneyland will tell the story of Mickey Mouse as Disney's cartoons created him. The previous Disney films about filming have notably illustrated how one medium can feed and serve the other. Tuesday's play, *The Dance Dress*, was originally produced at the Embassy Theatre, two years ago. I understand it gives a really good acting chance to Kenneth Haigh, the young actor who made an impressive *Golden Boy* on TV.

The fascination of the Mayerling story is one of those hardy perennials; never, it seems, exhausted. Sunday's *Masque of Kings* is the verse rendering by Maxwell Anderson.



HARPSIDE VIEW of Elizabeth Taylor and Vittorio Gassman in *Rhapsody*, which has the world of music and concert halls as its background, with the eternal triangle as perhaps the most insistent instrument. John Ericson plays the deceived husband. The Zurich Conservatory is the chief *mise-en-scène* of this dramatic and tuneful production in Technicolor which will shortly be seen in the West End

The gramophone

Robert Tredinnick

MR. SHEARING SHOWS HOW

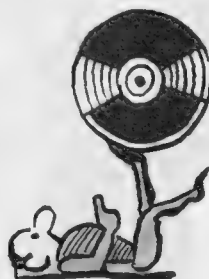
I GATHER that in the purlieus of the recording studios there is a dearth of female vocalists. This may or may not be a good thing, especially at a time when popular appeal is based upon how much noise the concrete mixer, lorry driver, laundress or mill-hand is capable of producing. Personally, I face facts squarely and say there is a dearth of vocalists; period!

Unfortunately, I'm very much the cat that walked by itself in this. But dearth or no dearth, there can be no justification for the release of recordings such as those offered by Mr. Steve Arlen and Miss Barbara Lyon for example.

Mr. Arlen suggests that old thing "Romance" is to be found in, of all places, Rome (as if we didn't know), and then supports this ominous statement with "Play me Hearts and Flowers." Curious how naïve those in authority can become! (Philips PB. 456.)

Attractive Miss Lyon is quite another problem, for she's the daughter of very experienced parents, and I believe both she and they should have known better than to allow "Stowaway" and that dreary clock number to be released. It's a pity about Miss Lyon, because she has something to offer, even though it eludes the grooves. (Columbia DB. 3619.)

No, for the moment—and I'm by no means alone in this—I'm quite content with "Caravan," "Nothing New Under the Sun," "Ill Wind" and "Drumme Negrita." These four tunes are played by George Shearing and his Quintet with such sleek adulthood as to make one wonder why one bothers to seek record relaxation very far away from the Shearing orbit, added to which, of course, is the happy knowledge that Shearing isn't likely to be persuaded to fall in with the latest conception of gramophonic noises. (M.G.M.—E.P.—524.)



June Allyson in *Strategic Air Command* plays the part of James Stewart's wife in a story of the men who fly the latest U.S. atom bombers



THE SUN MADE GAY "FOURTH" AT ETON

A NIGHT of storms and rain turned into one of the most summery days England has had this year for the Fourth of June Eton celebrations. Above: G. C. Newman, captain of the Eton Ramblers, W. K. Hedley, V. J. Wallace, and, in the foreground, I. R. Lomax, who were watching the school team in the field. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie (right) returns after making 109 for the Wanderers



Far Left: Mrs. Alec Pilkington came up from her home near Newbury to see her son, T. C. Pilkington. Left: Piers Ashcroft, of Parr's House, who escorted Miss Patricia Wallace, from Devonshire



Far left: The Countess of Suffolk was talking to her youngest son, the Hon. Patrick Howard. Left: Mr. Edward York, of Van Oss's, was escorting his sister, Miss Caroline York, one of last year's prettiest debutantes



David Norman, who is at Chamie House, Miss Tita Norman and Miss Audrey Weicker, a New York visitor

Right: Mr. and Mrs. David Looker at the celebrations. Far right: David Bathurst, of Hedley's, who scored 5 runs for the XXII. team, with his parents, the Hon. Benjamin L. Bathurst and Mrs. Bathurst



Right: Simon Miller-Munday, with the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer and his mother, Mrs. R. E. Wallace. Far right: Michael Goedhuis and his parents Mr. and Mrs. R. D. G. Goedhuis. Mrs. Goedhuis is the sister of Lady Burghley



Miss Caroline Dalgety, the Countess Una D'Oberndorf, from Paris, and Miss J. Hegna, from Norway, were among the visitors

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William talking to Major and Mrs. J. H. Bowman and Juliet Bowman

Swabe

Standing By . . .

An Alpinist rebels

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DOWN to a month ago the British Merseyside Expedition to the Menlungtse Range of the Himalayas had climbed no fewer than eight peaks, according to an official message, and once more the thoughtful citizen must inevitably ask himself why chaps keep doing this.

It may, he will probably reflect, be due to what the French call *la bougeotte*, or constitutional restlessness—that inability to sit quietly in a room to which Pascal attributes most of the world's misfortunes. Or it may be due to unhappiness at home. A member of the Alpine Club whom we know very well has once more refused, with an oath, to discuss this last conjecture with us, so it is probably true. All that lofty thinking and moral uplift in which the Alpinist boys indulge themselves on the high peaks does not conceal, from us, the possibility that far in a London drawing-room a woman with dry, hot eyes may be sitting alone at eventide, gazing bitterly into space and crushing a lace handkerchief into a tight ball. A spiked boot still, maybe, lies where it fell. In Berne Power Station an old man has just switched on the *Alpenglüh*, but the rosy flush on the snowline brings no solace to one who left London in a hurry with the cry "Aw go fall down a crevasse!" ringing in his ears. Maybe as he climbs ever upwards in the dawn the warm wet wind called the Föhn will touch off an avalanche or two. Muriel will be sorry then (he thinks). And indeed, in a way, she probably will.

If you can think of any better explanation write to "Auntie Edelweiss," c/o Joe's Bar, W.I.

Angle

WAGGLING her hips in a hula-hula in a London park to express (*vide Press*) Hawaii's friendship for England, a grass-skirted sweetheart described as a "Special Ambassadors from the Hawaiian Islands" had the right idea, we thought, but a rather over-subtle way of expressing it. Many of the onlookers undoubtedly assumed she was advertising something—possibly the latest brand of processed synthetic cheese.

This we deduce from the blank look on their faces, well caught by the camera. With the same expression precisely the Race would contemplate the return of Solomon Eagle, the hairy thinker who used to run stark naked about the City in the Plague year with a flaming brazier on his head, crying "Repent! Repent!" Had 17th-century publicity not been in its infancy somebody might have used that boy, incidentally, just as somebody in Paris might have used an equivalent public spectacle like the execution of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, the poisoner (who could, for instance, have tossed out handbills—"Do You Hate Your Relations? Get That FLIPPO Feeling And Idolise Them All!"—en route from the execution-cart). We mention Mme. de B. and Mr. E. as being simpler cases for exploitation by the smart boys than the Hawaiian Special Ambassador, who has a mission to waggle for already.

And once the citizenry tumble to this mission they will take Miss Hawaii to their hearts, hips and all, a chap was assuring us, as the Eskimos took the Railway Queen of Basingstoke on her recent goodwill world-tour. But we still don't think people should put them in bags.

Revolt

NEWS from the British colony in Hampstead has been worrying the Whitehall boys ever since Empire Day, an F.O. chap was telling us. "Worse than Cyprus!" is the cry.

Trouble began apparently at the Empire Day dinner-party (3 invitations) following the garden-party (178 invitations) at the Consulate, when the Consul broke the silence with the following remark:

"Three of you to dinner is quite enough. Your faces make my wife ill and you seem to be able to talk about nothing but sex, like natives of Golders Green."

He meant "Sikhs," his remark being addressed to Col. Burstin. Silence fell again, but the gibe about Golders Green could hardly be overlooked. How the Colonel's representations to the Colonial Office got to the Foreign Office nobody knows, said this chap. However, discussion was brief.

"Hampstead—do we handle that?"

"It's a Crown colony, surely."

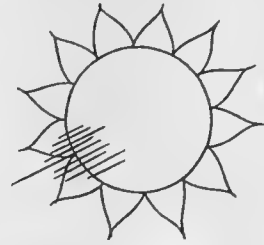
"You're thinking of Switzerland."

"Well, it doesn't much matter. Tell Freddie to send 'em a *démarche tentative*."

So Freddie (said this chap) sent them a smooth *démarche tentative*, suggesting that plenty of people talk like Golders Green natives at times, and urging domestic co-operation. This last bit stung the Colony to a fury of revolt. "How can one possibly co-operate," asked a Mrs. Hemingway-Hargreaves icily, "with people one doesn't know?"

On the answer to this question (says this chap) the fate of yet another Imperial outpost now hangs.





TOAST TO CHIEF PATRON OF OPEN-AIR DRAMA

MR. ROBERT ATKINS gave a cocktail party recently to open the 1955 season of the Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park. Guests drank to the company and the continuance of fine weather



Above: Clement Hamelin, dressed for "The Tempest," with Freda Bamford. Below: Mrs. Cecil Madden, Mr. Cecil Madden, the television producer, and their daughter Miss Mardie Madden, a débutante this year



Mrs. Patrick Brunner and her daughter April Brunner were enjoying this party in attractive surroundings



Clayton Evans

Helen Cherry, wife of film star Trevor Howard, at a table with Mr. John Wooldridge, D.S.O., D.F.C.



"BAGHDAD MARKET" is one of the most spectacular scenes in the new Folies Bergère show, *Ah! Quelle Folie!* which is reputed to have cost 180,000,000 francs. It is produced by Paul Derval and dressed by his wife, with Michel Gyarmathy as general aide. On the right Frederic Rey and Veronica Bell in the "Bridge of Sighs" number.



Priscilla in Paris

Folklore on wheels

THAT such displays give joy to many is obvious. The crowds rolled up in their hundreds of thousands to enjoy the procession of twenty-three floats and umpty-something folkloric (I quote from the menu) groups representing the picturesque provinces of France. It paraded gaily through the avenues and boulevards with banners, *musique militaire* and Queens of the May all complete. A very grand display of ambulating picture postcards of which the colour must have cost a good many tuppences!

But when one remembers how easy it is to entertain a Paris crowd—and those of most cities, so far as that goes—one rather wonders why the City Fathers took so much trouble and spent so much money. They might just as well have let loose a few gangs with road drills on some of the thoroughfares in need of repairs.

AN alternative would be the setting in order of the municipal swimming baths, that are out of commission at the moment, for, after all, the weather may turn warm some day. Something might be done, also, about the fountains that used to be one of the sights of Paris, but which so

rarely play nowadays. Onlookers would have gathered round just as happily, especially in the Place de la Concorde, when Johnnie Ray serenaded one of the bronze naiads. Great tears rolled down his cheeks as he sang, and since he is a stranger to Paris as yet, Paris marvelled at such a lachrymose songster.

Had the fountains been turned on just then what an inundation there would have been! More work for the river police and what fun for the multitude!

WE return thanks that the municipal drought in Paris has not spread to Versailles, where, through the summer, *les grandes eaux* will be seen in all their splendour. In the apartments once occupied by the young Dauphin and his child-wife, on the ground floor of the chateau, there is to be seen at present a fascinating collection of Marie Antoinette's personal belongings. The exhibition will be open till November 2nd, and visitors to this country will be wise not to miss it. I have rarely felt sentimental over old dance programmes, withered nosegays, or moth-eaten locks of hair discovered in old boxes when tidying up the attics, but the story of the beautiful, spoiled child who lost her lovely

head, in every acceptance of the phrase, stirs me deeply. The replica of the famous necklace "leaves me cold," as we say over here, but the time-yellowed shift she wore during the last terrible days in the prison of the Conciergerie, that shows a darn woven by her unaccustomed fingers, is irresistibly moving.

MIGUEL ZAMACOIS, journalist, essayist, dramatist and, above all, poet, died this week at the age of eighty-nine. He worked almost to the eve of his death on his fourth volume of poems. One of his first plays was a comedy in prose, *Le Gigolo*, about which history is silent, but soon after that the great Sarah Bernhardt produced his *Bohemos*, an act in verse, in which she played herself. A few seasons later she created his greatest success: *Les Bouffons*. Under the title *The Jesters*, it was played in London, translated by the late John N. Raphael, Paris correspondent to the *Referee*, a sporting paper of renown before World War One. John N.—as he was called—and his chocolate-coloured poodle Fossie were known as "the most Parisian English couple" in the Paris of those far-off days.

Zamacois's last published book was the poetic *Aventures merveilleuses d'Alain de Karogan* that appeared last year. It had all the charm of his early work. I remember seeing him at a first night a very few seasons ago. He seemed to be a mere lad of seventy-ish.

La grande saison théâtrale internationale de Paris is in full swing! (We do



THE COMTESSE DE GANAY, photographed at home in the Rue de la Faisanderie. Before her marriage she was Comtesse Philippine de Noailles, daughter of the Dowager Duchesse de Mouchy. Her husband, who had a brilliant war record, owns the famous chateau at Courances where, until recently, Field Marshal Montgomery made his home. They have three daughters

love a mouthful of words for a title in this country and then we go all bashful and write it down without capital letters!) Twenty-eight theatrical companies, representing twenty-one nations, divided between the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt and the Théâtre Hébertot, are keeping the critics busy, if not always enthusiastic. It is flattering to hear Molière in Finnish, but we certainly felt more enjoyment with Ben Jonson in English.

The "Théâtre WORKSHOP de LONDRES" (this time we get capital letters) delighted its audiences with *Volpone*, so beautifully and sincerely played by an "incomparably well-picked" company. I cite M. Jean-Jacques Gautier, one of our most captious critics, with whom I heartily agree, though I refuse to follow him when he objects to Mosca on a bicycle, and Corbaccio in a bath-chair. We have seen so many classics played in modern costume that I see no objection to a bicycle more or less.

Indeed, why not better the idea? Corbaccio in a speedboat spuming down the Grand Canal, and Mosca on a motor-bike playing merry-go-round on the Place St. Marc would be quite in keeping!

Les silences de M. Maurois

● In a recent broadcast, M. André Maurois spoke of his 1914-1918 experiences as liaison officer with the British Forces. "I was shy," he declared. "They said nothing, I said nothing. We got on very well!"



F. J. Goodman

Mlle. NATHALIE BOUILHET is the younger daughter of M. and Mme. Tony Bouilhet. Her coming-out ball, shared by her elder sister Marie, was one of the highlights of the present Paris season, for almost 1000 young people danced at her parents' beautiful home in the Rue Royale. Mlle. Bouilhet is half-Italian, and her parents also own a country estate overlooking one of the most picturesque aspects of Lake Como

A DOWRY OF BEATEN GOLD

THE CHILDREN OF KANCHENJUNGA, by David Wilson Fletcher (Constable; 18s.), is an account of the tea gardens of the Himalayan foothills, and those who work in them, written with an unstrained simplicity which emphasises the drama of everyday existence there. This illustration shows a Nepali girl bride wearing her dowry, the necklace being of beaten gold



Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

THE NONSENSE-MONGERS

MARGARET KENNEDY's latest novel, **THE ORACLES** (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), opens upon a thunderstorm—so alarming that the nervous may cower as they read. Likewise, the people of East Head react with a primitive apprehension, plus disagreeable memories of air raids; for East Head faces over the Bristol Channel. The scene of Miss Kennedy's brilliant story is set in this somnolent and pleasant seaside town, and the plot is unfolded among the residents. For thunder is not the sole visitation: there has been a descent of a number of intellectuals—who, as Miss Kennedy makes clear, are as domineering a group of phonies as ever trod our long-suffering earth.

In their midst, and centre of their cult, towers Conrad Swann, a sculptor of intractable genius—who, not undisturbed (as the story shows) by the antics and jibberings of his followers, keeps house unenjoyably with his best friend's wife.

FIVE children—three Conrad's, two the feckless Elizabeth's—maintain themselves by sheerest will to survive, and are, on the whole, happiest up a tree, which, in the field behind their slovenly home, they ascend by a ladder propped on a metal chair. The tree (at that moment, happily, clear of children) is struck by lightning; the chair, sharing the same fate, is contorted into unrecognisable form. And not less grotesque

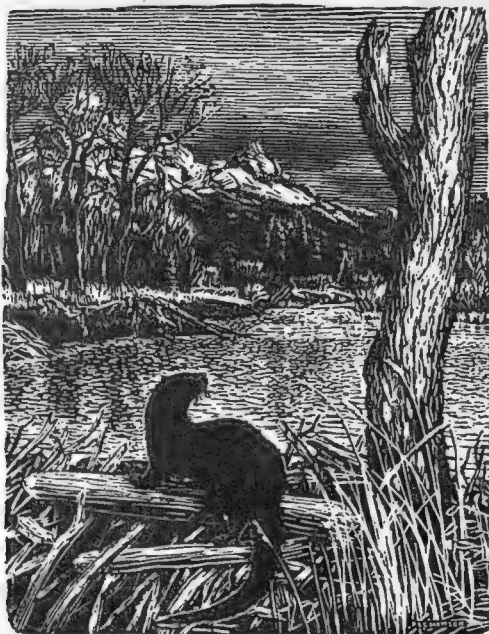
are to be its fortunes. For, on the eve of the party at which is to be exhibited his Apollo, Conrad Swann has enough of everything and walks out.

His satellites, headed by a Mrs. Martha Rawson—a "toothy, determined little woman," convinced she is born to lead in matters of art—decide, in the absence of the creator, that the metal wreck must be the Apollo. The masterpiece is, accordingly, put across. If the stupefied East Head locals don't acclaim it, they ought to. In fact, they've jolly well got to.

ANYBODY baffled by modern sculpture, in its most extreme, abstract and cryptic form, may from time to time dare inquire: "Is this a joke?" "Non-representational" art is, decidedly, not for all of us. Nor do those who praise it do much to bridge the gulf, for, alas! their language is esoteric. *The Oracles* is a superb and inspired skit on æsthetic nonsense-mongers and their jargon—and I think Miss Kennedy's wisdom and wit have seldom been more enchantingly displayed. For she is on the side of the true artist, and she is on the side of the simple people with their natural reverence for the true in art.

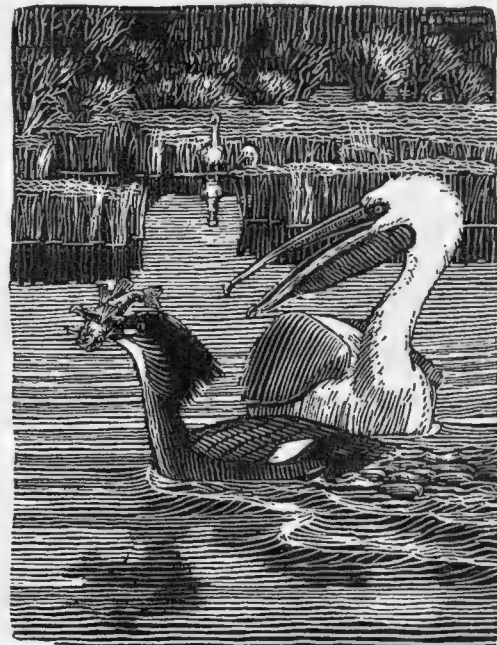
The absent Conrad Swann is a vital experimentalist (one is reminded that art is a constant, noble experiment). But one does not for an instant doubt his integrity. However austere may be his missing Apollo, one may be sure it is not a lightning-struck garden chair. This object does, however, for Mrs. Rawson and her fellow-acolytes, altogether and satisfyingly fill the bill.

THE comedy follows its somewhat dangerous course. For there are, among East Head's apparently humdrum residents, one or two who are restive—most notably Dickie Pattison, young solicitor who, after an exciting war in the air, has come home to take his place in his father's firm. Loyalty to the dear, good, lonely old man has not wholly stilled Dickie's hankering for a bigger world, and his marriage to lovely, local Christina (who never looks beyond East Head) is just now emerging from its honeymoon phase. Dickie is thus not unsusceptible to the Bohemians—whose talk is, at least, not confined to the parish pump—nor is he above an occasional studio party. The affair of the Swann Apollo does by degrees (which are subtly shown) overshadow Dickie's relationship with his wife.



THE PULSE OF WILD AMERICA

IN a nature study of extraordinary fascination, *One Day at Teton Marsh* (Michael Joseph; 15s.), Sally Carrighar describes with affectionate insight the metropolis of wild life called Jackson Hole, in Teton Marsh, Wyoming. These three drawings by George and Patricia Mattson show, left, the Otter; above, the Cutthroat Trout, and right, the American Merganser with a White Penguin



Christina a lovable mixture of shrewd and silly, is one of Miss Kennedy's most convincing young women—and that says much. The domestic duet between the young Pattisons rings so true that it almost makes one jump. Among the men, I think my favourite was Frank, Elizabeth's imperturbable husband—who, turning up at East Head on the night of the thunderstorm, acts as stand-in host after Conrad has disappeared. But most endearing of all must be Serafina, constant but no nymph—a haggard and witty child playing "little mother" in her own lawless way. The scene where the "Cygnets" (left to fend for themselves in an empty house) are first scooped up by Christina, then overfed by Frank, is memorable.

One cannot enough praise Miss Kennedy's at once sage and dry-sparkling humour: no other writer has it of quite this blend. Also her craftsmanship is superb—seldom has a story been better told.

★ ★ ★

MOLLY LEFEBURE'S EVIDENCE FOR THE CROWN (Michael Joseph; 15s.) is subtitled "Experiences of a Pathologist's Secretary." For five years the young lady worked with Dr. Keith Simpson, engaged in crime detection in and around the metropolis. "I'd never allow a daughter of mine to do it," declared one of her father's friends; and certainly hair-raising was her daily round. She gives us a first-rate account of forensic methods, admirably soft-pedalling her own sensations. Familiar grew morgue and dissecting table; with portions of corpses in her despatch-case she boarded taxis or stepped the streets—a pattern of fresh-looking English girlhood.

Stark scenes she viewed, gruesome stories she has to tell. She conveys an unfailing interest in human nature, whether living or dead. Her stomach, due to the routine, became admirable. Here's an extract:

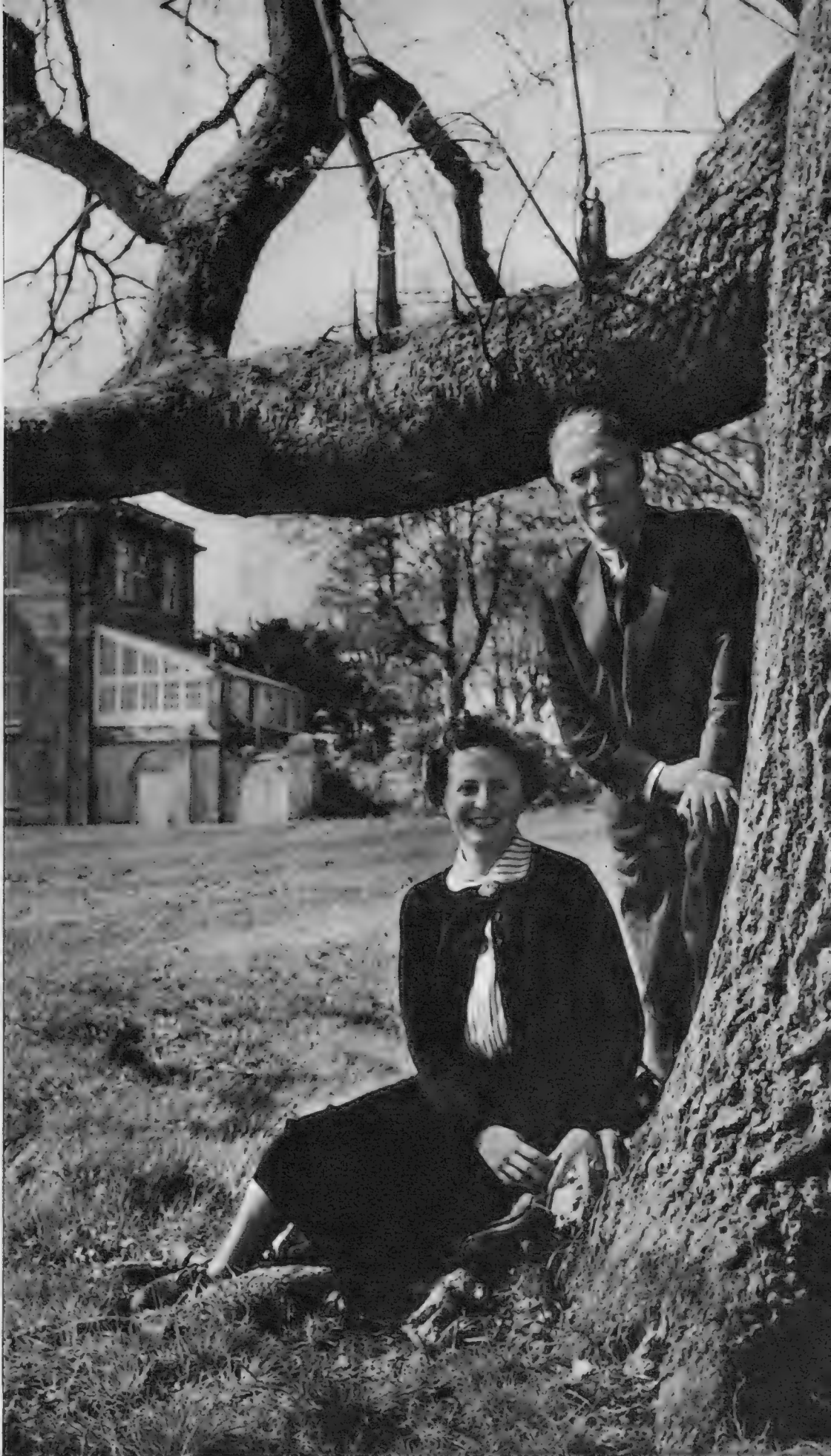
One Thursday at the end of October, C. K. S. informed me I would have to take a very quick lunch, as there was a murder job in Guy's p.m. room. So I swallowed a hasty plate of sausage toad-in-the-hole, skipped the chocolate mould which followed, got together my typewriter and brief-case—and a large supply of those little buff envelopes to pop hairs and fibres and fingernail scrapings into—and scurried away to the p.m. room.

Equally strong-stomached readers will like this book; which is indeed forthrightly and well-written. Here and there, your reviewer had queasy moments.

★ ★ ★

BIZARRE?—A nightmare prose-poem, a lyric nightmare?—How shall one describe CANAL IN MOONLIGHT? This is Kathleen Sully's first and I hope not last novel, published by Peter Davies, at 10s. 6d. Scene, rat-infested Bikka, canalside region in which rundown mansions shoulder on rotting warehouses. Here dwell Horace Hoppe, his wife Belle (once on the streets) and their sixteen children; and here, next door, hard-faced Mrs. Dyppe, her maids and her fading daughter. Here Paul Berlake, garage proprietor, loves unwisely. A well-nigh witchcraft quality in Miss Scully's art makes what is barely possible seem probable—and, as in an Elizabethan play, violence goes hand-in-hand with purity.

If the moon were peopled, these Bikka people might live there. And yet—you and I might meet them round any corner. No, you cannot fail to react to *Canal in Moonlight*. Whether you'll enjoy it, I cannot say!



Clayton Evans

AN AUTHOR IN SOMERSET. Mr. Anthony Dymoke Powell, whose novel *The Acceptance World* has recently roused enthusiasm among the critics and was reviewed in these pages recently, is here in the grounds of his home, The Chantry, near Frome, Somerset, with his wife, Lady Violet Powell, daughter of the fifth Earl of Longford and sister of the present Earl. Mr. Powell served with the Welch Regiment and Intelligence Corps throughout the war. He and Lady Violet have two sons, aged fifteen and nine

FAIR AT ST. JAMES'S TO HELP DOCKLAND

HOSIERY and handicrafts, wine and chocolates were among the good things on sale at the June Fair for the Dockland Settlements, held in St. James's Palace by permission of the Queen. Princess Marie Louise was president, and a very active committee made the Fair a resounding success



Above: The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles, Mrs. Vera Gwathkin and Lady Noel Curtis-Bennett were stallholders. Below, Mrs. Alan Selborne and Sir Reginald Cox



Two of the young programme-sellers, Miss Verity Lawrence and Miss Pearson Henry, about to set forth on their duties



Mrs. Laurence Neal and Mr. Michael Kent with their "Not Needed" stall, which satisfactorily belied its name



At the "Products of Scotland" stall: In front, Janet and Ian Munro from Glasgow. Behind, Mr. C. B. Young, Miss Ainslie Martin, Mrs. G. P. S. Macpherson, the Countess of Selkirk, the Countess of Perth and Miss J. Fletcher





Armstrong Jones

A summer study in black and white

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

HERE we have an enormously effective two-piece (strapless sundress and jacket) that we have chosen from the Susan Small collection. The dramatically becoming use of black and white is shown in the huge piqué collar and black velvet artist's bow combined with the small check of the gingham material. Notice also the jet buttons and clever pleated basque. The dress without the jacket (above) features a strapless bodice slotted through with black velvet ribbon and would make the prettiest of short summer dance frocks, while the skirt has a lining with a contrasting frill. This is a suit in which to win compliments and only costs 13 gns. It comes from D. H. Evans

What a lovely day for a picnic !



TYPICAL family picnic. Wasps in the jam. Ants in the tea, a smell of bracken and grass and a general feeling of festivity! Here we show some suitable clothes for a mother and her small daughter that are pretty and simple and also extremely hard-wearing.

—MARIEL DEANS



Left: Stripes for all ages. Mother wears a blue and white striped blouse and skirt from Gordon Lowe. Together they make a charming dress. The little girl's dress of red and white striped cotton is by Lindsay Maid and sold by Peter Jones, Sloane Square



Right: We show Jaeger's jersey skirt worn with a grey and white striped wool taffeta shirt that has short sleeves and a neat turn-down collar (see opposite page)



Michael Dunne

The small girl wears Pirouette's white, rose-trellis patterned pinafore dress with big frills and full skirt. It comes from Gaychild of South Molton Street. Her mother is wearing Jaeger's rose-red fine jersey separates consisting of a straight, well-cut skirt and a plain shirt blouse

Continued overleaf



Continuing—

Lovely day for a picnic!

THESE business-like denim jeans shown above and on the left are worn with a white waffle piqué sun-top and a pale-blue thick-net cardigan that is an Italian import. All come from Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus



Michael Dunne

Teatime under the trees

MOTHER'S dress from Swan and Edgar is of fine cotton. Notice its pretty, very wide vee neck. It is a gay mixture of colours with yellow and brown predominant. Pirouette make the little girl's sun dress with its blue rabbit patterned dress and scarlet bolero (see page 651 for description of little dress on right)





There is an attractive, and most unusual, bib necklace in clear beads with paste rondels. In ruby, emerald, black and sapphire. Price £6 16s. 6d. Ear-clips to match £1 1s. 9d., both are from Debenham and Freebody

The craftsman's art

COSTUME jewellery is becoming increasingly popular, and, as may be seen here, has led to great ingenuity in workmanship and design from craftsmen of different countries of the world



Now we have some exclusive jewellery specially designed to wear with sweaters. Gilt necklet and ear-rings, £8 8s., bracelet to match £4 14s. 6d., from Harvey Nichols



Antique-looking gilt and imitation pearls. Necklet £1 19s. 6d., brooch £1 12s. 6d., large ear-clips £1 2s. 6d., small ear-clips 15s. 6d., from Debenham and Freebody



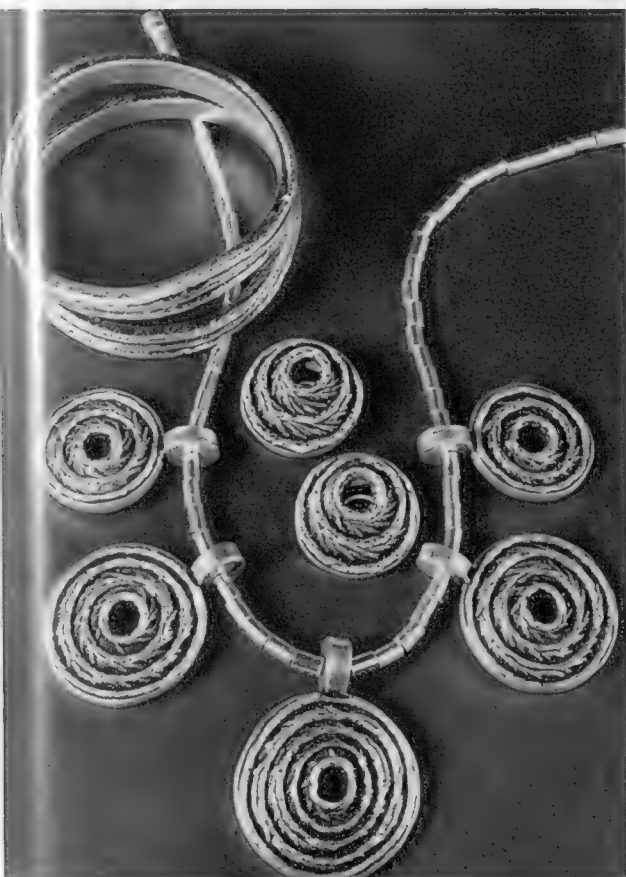
From an Italian model house comes this Luciana jewellery made in gilt mesh with pearls. Neck-lace £6 16s. 6d., bracelet £7 7s., ear-rings £4 14s. 6d., and a head-dress £6 16s. 6d. from Harvey Nichols

Dennis Smith

For personal adornment

SOME examples shown here give an idea of the extreme originality characterizing different kinds of sets, many of which are Continental made

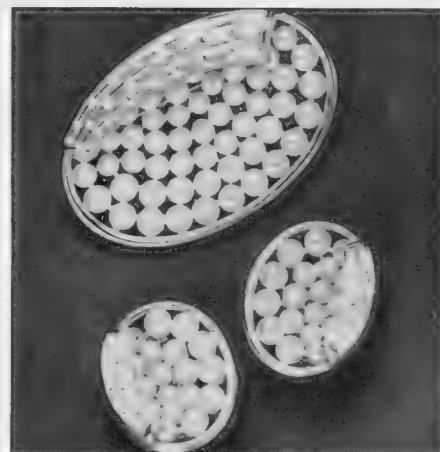
—JEAN CLELAND



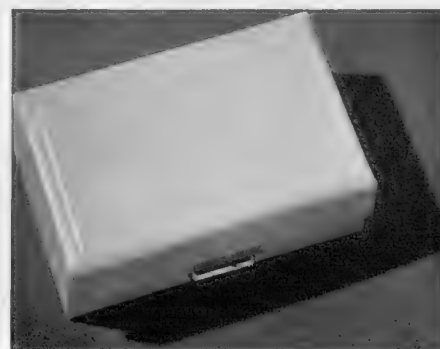
Another example of the latest vogue in jewellery, designed to go with sweaters, is an oxydized set £8 8s., with bracelet to match, £4 14s. 6d., from Harvey Nichols



Gilt costume jewellery, with large ear-rings to go round the ear. Gilt apple £4 4s., gilt pear £4 4s., ear-rings £5 15s. 6d., from Harrods



Unusually designed like oyster shells in gilt and pearl. Brooch £15 2s. 6d., ear-rings £15 2s. 6d., from Harrods



Right: For rings and brooches: little Spanish trinket boxes in olive green or tan. Price £2 0s. 6d. from Harrods. Size 5½ by 2 in.

Beauty

Make-up-to-date

WHEN elderly people sigh, and "tut-tut," over the modern use of make-up—the lipsticks, the eye-shadows, the nail varnishes—and tell you that women never did such things in the old days, they are either very forgetful or talking out of the tops of their dear grey heads.

TRUE that in the days of Cromwell an Act of Parliament was passed forbidding the use of powders and cosmetics. True that in the Victorian age, make-up was frowned upon as something *not* to be used by "nice" women—though even then, it seems, some of the more daring young people had their little dodges, one of which (revealed to me by my mother of eighty-seven) was to rub geranium petals over the skin to bring a becoming blush to the cheeks. This, she tells me, was done by her elder sister before going to a dance, and *after* saying good night to Mamma and Papa.

But for make-up in a *big* way we have nothing on the ancient Egyptians, whose unguents and rare oils, and cosmetics blended from flowers, spices and gums, were used by royal ladies, and recognized as an esteemed art.

At a recent party given by Crookes Laboratories, we learned some of these secrets of the past. That Cleopatra's make-up was blended to suit her personal requirements by her High Priest, as part of a mysterious rite. That Nero's wife, Poppaea, insisted on blending a daily concoction of white lead and chalk, barley flour and butter, to face the Roman heat.

Now Crookes have brought the idea of "Personal Blending" up-to-date, and evolved a method by which every woman can mix her own foundation, and blend it to her particular requirements.

The principle is very simple, and different effects are achieved by means of three bottles.

In one there is a light foundation, in another a dark. The third is empty, and designed to contain the blend required for normal everyday use.

This struck me as a very clever idea, since it opens up a number of possibilities. During the summer months, for instance, as you start to tan, all you have to do is to mix a little of the dark with the light until you get just the right shade to tone with your complexion. As your skin gets more brown, so can the foundation be intensified to match up with it with no trouble at all other than a little simple blending, either in the bottle or in the palm of the hand.

"PERSONAL BLENDING," too, can be used to highlight good, and hide bad, features. If, for instance, your nose is inclined to be long, a slightly darker foundation on the tip will make it appear shorter. If it is too broad, a touch of the dark down each side—carefully blended in—will give it a narrower look. A chin that is a little too square or too heavy can be given a better shape by applying a suggestion of dark foundation along the jaw line. These are only a few suggestions. You will discover many more variations when you try experimenting for yourself.

At another recent party, given by Helena Rubinstein, some more exciting make-up news was revealed. First a "Stay-long" nail lacquer with an entirely new formula. This needs no under-coat because a silky base is "built in." It dries faster and lasts longer than most varnish, and comes in a highly original

new type of bottle. When the bottle is tipped down, the brush emerges. The lacquer flows out smoothly, with just sufficient for immediate use. When more is needed, tip the bottle up again and the brush will go back, and come out again replenished.

To go with the new lacquer is a cream nail lacquer remover, which not only takes the varnish off quickly and completely, but actually reconditions the nails, and prevents the cuticles from splitting. The cream comes in a tube which makes it ideal for travelling, as it does not evaporate and cannot spill.

THIRD in this new series of manicure aids is a vitamin nail food, which revitalizes the natural oils which are necessary for preserving the health of the nails. Lastly, a "Stay-long" sealer to give added lustre to the lacquer, and make it last longer.

In addition to these aids for the nails, Helena Rubinstein launched at her party a new colour in creamy "Stay-long" lipstick and in the nail lacquer. This is a gay, exciting shade called "Torero Pink," which she described as "a colour straight from the magic of Spain."

Lastly we were shown something which has already been a sensation in New York—a new Silk Tone Liquid Rouge, which is the very latest way of applying colour to your cheeks. This goes on beautifully smoothly, and lasts an amazingly long time. I predict that it should prove as popular over here as it is on the other side of the Atlantic.

—Jean Cleland





Yevonde

(Left)

Miss Virginia Murray, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Iain Murray, D.S.O. and Bar, and of Mrs. G. Davis, of Old Pickhurst, Chiddingfold, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Gordon Anthony Reid, of Blairgowrie, Perthshire, younger son of Archdeacon and Mrs. Reid, of Windmill Hill Place, Hailsham, Sussex

(Right)

Miss Fleur Caroline Mountain, only daughter of Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, of Eaton Square, S.W.1, and Shawford Park, Winchester, is engaged to Mr. Dane Peter Douetil, of Chelsea Embankment, London, S.W.3, son of Mrs. P. V. Douetil and the late Capt. P. V. Douetil



THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

An ideal wedding present, which is very much appreciated—and a constant reminder of the giver—is a subscription to The TATLER. Annual subscription £5 16s. 6d. (overseas £5 18s. 6d.), six months £3 (overseas £3 1s. 3d.). Both inclusive of Christmas number. A card from the donor will be included if requested. Send your cheque to the Publisher, Dept. ED/C, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2.



Bassano

Miss Mary Margaret Tite, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tite, of Westerhope, Northumberland, is engaged to Mr. Rupert Blum, of Cromwell Road, London, S.W., son of the late Mr. Leo Blum and of Mrs. H. Blum, of Hilversum, Holland



Miss Ann Evelyn Davey, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. R. E. Davey, of Homewood, Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, is engaged to Lt. H. R. (Tim) Samler, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. G. Samler, of Cleeve Hill House, Midford, near Bath

Miss Leila (Sue) Shipton, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. Edwyn Shipton and of Mrs. Shipton, of Rodney Court, London, W.9, is to marry this month Mr. Philip Nicholls, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nicholls, of Radlett, Herts



Pearl Freeman

THEY WERE MARRIED



Erskine—Wood. The wedding took place at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, of the Hon. Robert William Hervey Erskine, youngest son of the late Lord Erskine and of Lady Marjorie Erskine, of Ickworth, Bury St. Edmunds, and Miss Jennifer Shirley Wood, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cardew Wood, of West Court, Bray, Berks



Davies-Cooke—Hoos. At St. Wulfram's Church, Grantham, Mr. David Ralph Davies-Cooke, son of Col. P. R. Davies-Cooke, T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Davies-Cooke, of Gwysaney, Mold, North Wales, married Miss Henrietta S. A. Hoos, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. J. Hoos, of Thistleton Grange, Oakham, Rutland



Douglas—Locker. F/Lt. James Peter Douglas, R.A.F., the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Douglas, of Grove Park, Knutsford, Cheshire, was married at St. Oswald's Church, Lower Peover, Knutsford, Cheshire, to Miss Hazel Mary Locker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Locker, of Moseley Hall, Knutsford



Kennard—Mytton. Capt. David Adam Broadmead Kennard, 12th Royal Lancers, youngest son of the late Mr. Vivian Kennard and Mrs. Kennard, of Chilfrome House, Dorchester, married at St. Mary's Church, Chipping Norton, Oxon, Miss Gaynor Bridget Mytton, the daughter of the late Colonel G. H. Mytton and Mrs. Mytton



Skinner—Freestone-Barnes. The wedding took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Mr. Harry John C. Ross Skinner, son of Col. H. C. Ross Skinner, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. C. Ross Skinner, of Warmwell House, Dorchester, Dorset, and of Stockwood, Luton, to Miss Rosemary Freestone-Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Freestone-Barnes, of Long Itchington, Warwickshire, and Church Street, W.8



Walker—Nicholson. Capt. Jonathan M. P. Walker, the Black Watch, youngest son of Major E. Walker and the late Mrs. Walker, of Wyddial Ol Joro Orok, Kenya, married Miss Diana Mary Nicholson, daughter of Brig. O. W. Nicholson, of Coles, Privett, Hants, and Mrs. Owen Grazebrook, of Stourton Castle, near Stourbridge, Worcs, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

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Motoring

Ascari's secret

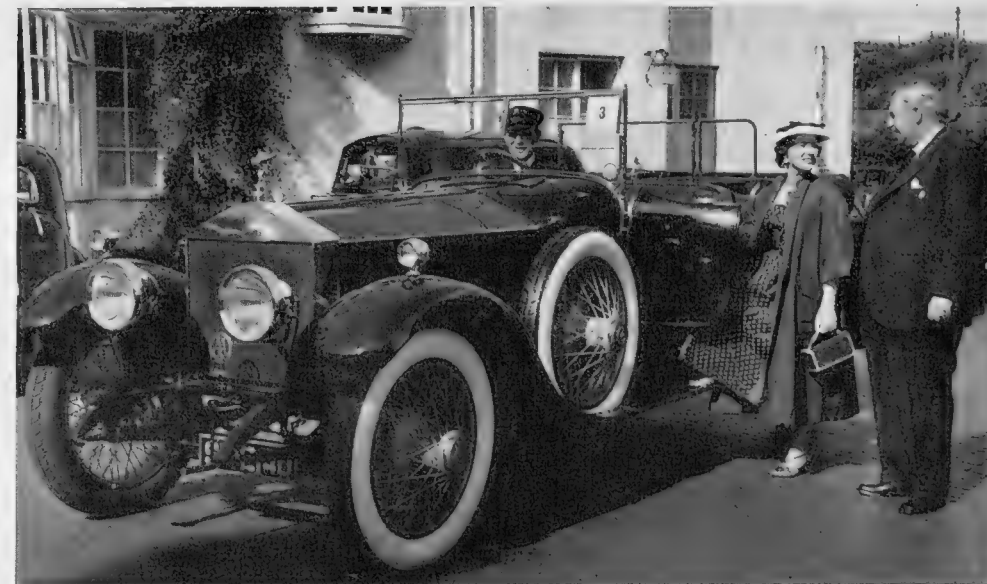
WITH every Grand Prix event (the next is the Dutch Grand Prix on Sunday, June 19) the thoughts of many of us must turn to the loss racing has suffered by the death of Alberto Ascari. No character in fiction has ever lived through so dramatic a period as Ascari did during the last few days of his life. It seemed as if he was being dogged by the fate which overtook his equally famous father. There was that extraordinary dive into the harbour at Monte Carlo during the European Grand Prix and then, before we realized that he was well enough to drive again, the fatal crash.

MY own recollections of Ascari are of a driver with exactly the same sort of judgment and technique as Nuvolari. There was a combination of speed and smoothness in their methods of taking a corner with the result that, all the way through a corner, the car would be maintained on the borderline between adhesion and a spin. The mystery was how these drivers could judge so accurately where that borderline lay.

Apart from official championships, most people would have put Ascari at the top of the list of Grand Prix drivers. Now I imagine that his place will be taken either by Fangio or by Stirling Moss. Moss's achievements since he has been driving for Mercédès have been electrifying. His drive at Monaco was hardly less splendid than his drive in the Mille Miglia. His disappointment at Monaco at being forced to retire when he had moved into first place was matched by the disappointment of the many British spectators.

IT was a symptom of the times that, directly the rail strike began, police officials everywhere began threatening private motorists. They suggested that they might be banned from the centres of the cities. Surely reason would have suggested that it was just the time when private motorists should have been encouraged to use their cars to the maximum extent.

My personal experiences of London traffic were that it moved fairly well except near such places as Clapham Common, where some lunatic highway authority had closed a vital



A Concours d'Elégance contest was held in Ayrshire recently when any car irrespective of age was eligible to be judged as a complete unit of elegance and beauty in company with a woman driver or passenger. Above: A 1922 Rolls-Royce open tourer, winner of its class. Its driver was Mr. John Munro, passenger Miss May Munro, and owner Mr. J. C. Sword

piece of link road across the common for repairs. Those repairs should have been postponed or they should have been done at record speed with men working day and night.

Then there were the buses; indicating to all who are not biased that they are the wrong size for London's roads and that they are operated with a complete disregard for other traffic. London Transport's view seems to be that everybody must make way for the bus. And so it came about that, at some points, one saw queues of buses a quarter of a mile long, all the buses empty or nearly empty, all taking up a maximum amount of space for a minimum service to the public.

ONLY during the narrow rush hour periods were the buses full. All the rest of the day they toured about carrying their crews of two (whose journeys were far from being really necessary) and cluttering up the streets. Is it not time that London Transport were forced to do some thinking about the efficient use of the roads? In the country districts huge buses shoulder their way through the narrow lanes empty or half empty most of the time; in London buses obstruct the smaller, more manoeuvrable and more efficient private cars.

The real answer to public transport by road in and around the cities would be to introduce fleets of vehicles having greater flexibility. Thus the small buses of the Microbus and Minibus types could give an added flexibility to all operations. The force of vehicles working could be increased or reduced according to

requirements and when few people were wanting to travel, the streets would not be congested with vast quantities of old iron.

DETAILS of the Le Mans MG, the type Ex. 182, reached me too late to enable me to include them here before the race. But I feel that for the sake of completeness I ought to mention some of the facts of the specification. This four-cylinder car of 1,489 cubic centimetres capacity is a prototype which may exercise a profound influence upon future production models. The engine, which has twin carburettors, gives 82 brake horsepower at 5,500 rev/min.

This is a car which many enthusiasts will be watching closely during its development period and I shall hope, in the not too distant future, to say something of the policy which stands behind it and something about its probable influence.

IT is a matter for congratulation for all British motorists that the new Grand Prix Connaughts have recorded a victory. It was on Whit Monday when Leslie Marr won his race and set a new lap record in Cornwall. His lap record figure was some eight miles an hour better than the previous best.

Let us all hope that this is a good omen for the Connaughts, because no cars have earned more confidence from those who are interested in these matters.

-Oliver Stewart



Lady (Robert) Maclean presents a cup to Mrs. N. L. Paterson, during the Concours, at the Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire



A 1954 Jaguar D/H coupé that won its class and was owned and driven by Mr. H. A. G. Meikle, accompanied as passenger by Mrs. Meikle



Mr. D. Jack, owner-driver of the 1955 Sunbeam-Talbot which won top award at the Concours, with Mrs. Paterson



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DINING OUT

Salad days up North

IF you want to contemplate a castle, and in comfort, you could not improve upon the new Pibroch Restaurant opened by Fullers in Princes Street, Edinburgh, which has a grand view of Edinburgh Castle from its windows.

They have made a very fine affair of this. The main restaurant runs the full length of the room with a raised area in the background which is used as a coffee lounge, and provides sandwiches of all sorts and kinds, open and double decker, and coffee in various forms from one of the new devices from Milan; with the sandwiches try a plate of cole slaw, which is finely shredded raw cabbage and potato salad.

The restaurant specializes in what one can best describe as summer food, there being an innumerable choice of salads, including chicken, lobster, ham and pineapple, with which you can get the "Thousand Island Dressing" mayonnaise, containing chopped-up pimentoes, pickled cucumber and hard-boiled eggs. There are fruit juices *ad lib* and if you don't want chicken or roast beef try their pan fried scallops with tartare sauce or grilled trout with *maitre d'hôtel* butter.

If you feel like a quick one before you feed, you should visit a nearby tavern before you go in, as they have no licence, and you can't even have a liqueur.

Worth noting if you think you have any Scottish blood in your veins is a Clan Information Desk where maybe you can collect sufficient background about your ancestry to go out and buy a kilt!

TALKING of liqueurs, it is indeed a truth that Scotsmen have "taken their name, fame, and their customs to every corner of the globe"; they also have achieved the remarkable feat of producing a liqueur which has very nearly achieved the same distinction, Drambuie.

For a liqueur produced in the British Isles which less than half a century ago was the private brew of a single family, to achieve world-wide acclaim is something of a feat.

The story goes that when Bonnie Prince Charlie was in hiding on the island of Skye, with £30,000 on his head, where Flora Macdonald had smuggled him in a small boat, one of the MacKinnons of Strathaird rowed him to a safe hiding-place on the west coast until in 1746 he was able to board a French ship which ran the gauntlet to France in safety.

In gratitude the Prince presented to MacKinnon the secret formula of his personal liqueur, but who invented the original blend for him remains a mystery.

"DRAMBUIE" comes from the Gaelic "*An Dram Buidheach*," "the drink that satisfies," and for 150 years the MacKinnons kept it to themselves, until in 1906 Malcolm MacKinnon decided to produce the liqueur commercially on the mainland of Scotland and so made it world famous.

The base is, of course, a blend of the finest whiskies, but the rest of the formula remains a family secret; doubtless heather honey and all sorts of herbs and spices are mingled together, this being done at the present day by Mrs. Georgina Russell MacKinnon, Malcolm's widow. She does this with a formula so potent that four of the small flasks Mrs. MacKinnon sends down to the blending laboratory are sufficient to create the quintessence of 1,200 gallons of Drambuie!

They say that the flavour of one drop of this great potency upon your tongue remains with you for many hours, and that I can well believe.

—I. Bickerstaff



FULLER'S PIBROCH RESTAURANT in Edinburgh has been recently opened, and combines a superb cuisine of summer foods, and dining-room comfort, with a magnificent view of the ancient and rugged Edinburgh Castle from its windows

DINING IN

The emperor of berries

WHILE, on going about, one finds that there is a growing tendency against sweets, every now and again one is pulled up short, when the men at a party all enjoy the sweet, while the women, or at least half of them, turn down both it and its accompanying wine in preference for cheese. It could be that they are considering their figures, but I think that it is mainly because they have "grown out of" sweets.

For the sake of the men, let us have sweets!—and, as we are in the strawberry season, let strawberries come first. Strawberries and cream! . . . Could there be any better way of serving the prime, red-all-through varieties?

It might be Strawberries Romanoff, where the berries are soaked with orange juice and an orange-flavoured liqueur such as Cointreau, Curaçao or Grand Marnier; and served with half-whipped sweetened cream. Or it might be strawberries with Crème Fontainebleau which, I believe, is flown in here from Paris. But this cream cheese belongs, perhaps, to the lovely *fraises des bois*. If you grow Alpine strawberries, I recommend this combination—with sugar, of course.

Slightly soured cream is almost as good.

A strawberry flan takes a lot of beating. You start with a rich pastry made by rubbing together on the fingertips 6 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt and 3½ oz. butter. Work in an ounce of icing sugar and bind all with the yolk of a large egg. Knead well, wrap in waxed paper and leave for a couple of hours. Roll out and line a flan ring, placed on a baking sheet, with the pastry. Press it well on to the base and sides then roll off the top with the rolling-pin. Prick the bottom and sides.

Fit into the ring a piece of greased greaseproof paper greased side down. Fill it with crusts of bread, then bake for 20 minutes at a good heat (gas Mark 5 or 400 degrees Fahr.).

Remove the crusts and paper, then bake the flan for a further 5 to 8 minutes.

Meanwhile, select enough really ripe strawberries of uniform size to cover the bottom of the flan. Crush several others, bring them to the boil in half a pint of water then simmer to reduce well. Rub through a fine sieve and sweeten to taste. Add a tablespoon of red-currant jelly or, failing that, a squeeze of lemon juice and a drop or two of red culinary colouring. Bring to the boil, then stir in a level teaspoon of arrowroot, first blended in a dessertspoon of water. When this clears, the sauce is ready. Spoon it over the berries in the flan.

This same flan pastry can be used to make little "boats" (special tins for these are available) to fill with strawberries in the same way for a strawberry tea.

When I make mayonnaise, I find myself left with several egg whites, and that is the time to make meringues or one large meringue case to be filled with strawberries, with a touch of Grand Marnier on them, and half-whipped unsweetened cream.

BEGINNERS sometimes find the simple meringue mixture a little difficult. There are one or two things to keep in mind when making it. First, the whisk and the bowl must be absolutely free of grease of any kind. (Even the slightest trace of grease will defeat your object.) This is not so easy to achieve as it may seem. I always place the whisk in a bowl, add a little soapless detergent (the perfect grease stripper) and fill it with hot water. I swish this around, then rinse whisk and bowl in hot then cold water and dry both well—and that hazard is taken care of.

Then the egg whites themselves. They must be absolutely free of even the slightest speck of yolk. Whip them very slowly at first until the thick part has been trapped in the whisk, then increase the speed until the whites are stiff and dry. Sprinkle over the top an ounce of granulated sugar for each egg white, then whip again until the meringue will hold a sharp peak. This often requires longer than you would imagine. (With an electric mixer, you have no worry.) Next, add another ounce of sugar for each egg white—castor sugar, this time—and fold it in.

SPREAD or pipe a good quarter of an inch width of the meringue in a 5½ to 6-in. circle on a piece of rice paper placed on a baking-sheet, then, around the rim, build up a "wall" of more meringue. Four egg whites and eight ounces of sugar should make a very nice deep one. Place in the coolest part of a very slow oven and leave it there for three or even four hours, so that it will be completely dry all through, with no tell-tale drops of syrup.

Just before the meal, fill this case with the lightly sweetened fruit and unsweetened (or very slightly sweetened) cream.

—Helen Burke

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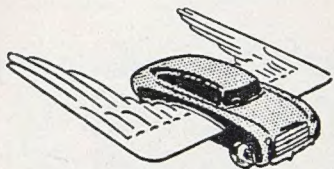
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